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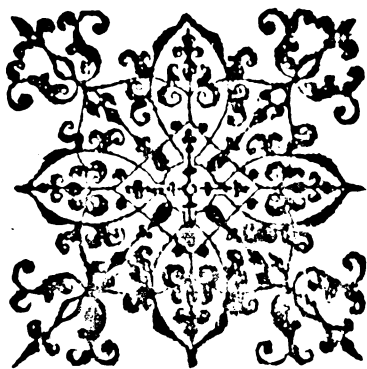
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Edward II, King of England

THE
RAIGNE OF
KING EDVVARD
the third:

*As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about
the Citie of London.*



LONDON,
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THE RAIGNE OF K: Edward the third.

*Enter King Edward, Derby, Prince Edward, Audely
and Artoys.*

King.

RObert of Artoys banisht though thou be,
From Fraunce thy natiue Country, yet with vs,

Thou shalt retayne as great a Seigniorie:

For we create thee Earle of Richmond heere,

And now goe forwards with our pedegree,

Who next succeded Phillip of Bew,

Ar. Three sonnes of his, which all successfully,

Did sit vpon their fathers regall Throne:

Yet dyed and left no issue of their loynes:

King: But was my mother sister vnto those:

Ar: Shee was my Lord, and onely Issabel,

Was all the daughters that this Phillip had,

Whome afterward your father tooke to wife:

And from the fragrant garden of her wombe,

Your gracious selfe the flower of Europes hope:

Deriued is inheritor to Fraunce.

But not the rancor of rebellious mindes:

When thus the lynage of Bew was out;

The French obscurd your mothers Priuiledge,

And though she were the next of blood, proclaymed

John of the house of Valoys now their king:

The reason was, they say the Realme of Fraunce,

Repleat with Princes of great parentage,

Ought not admit a gouernor to rule,

Except he be discended of the male,

And thats the speciall ground of their contempt:

Wherewith they study to exclude your grace:

But they shall finde that forged ground of theirs,

The Raigne of King

To be but dusty heapes, of brittle sande.

Art: Perhaps it will be thought a heynous thing,

That I a French man should discouer this,

But heauen I call to recorde of my vowes,

It is not hate nor any priuat wronge,

But loue vnto my country and the right,

Prouokes my tongue thus lauish in report.

You are the lynecal watch men of our peace,

And Iohn of Valoys, in directly climbs,

What then should subiects but imbrace their King,

Ah where in may our duety more be scene,

Then stryuing to rebate a tyrants pride,

And place the true shepheard of our comonwealth,

King: This counsaile Artoyes like to fructfull shewers,

Hath added growth vnto my dignitie,

And by the fiery vigor of thy words,

Hot courage is engendred in my brest,

Which heretofore was rakt in ignorance,

But nowe doth mount with golden winges off fame,

And will approue faire Isabells discent,

Able to yoaak their stubburne necks with steele,

That spurne against my souereignety in France, *Sound a borne*

A messenger, Lord Awcley know from whence,

Enter a messenger Lorrygne,

And: The Duke of Lorrygne, hauing crost the seas,

In treates he may haue conference with your highnes.

King: Admit him Lords, that we may heare the newes.

Say Duke of Lorrygne wherefore art thou come,

Lor: The most renowned prince K. Iohn of France,

Doth greete thee Edward, and by me commandes,

That for so much as by his liberall gift,

The Guyen Dukedome is entayld to thee,

Thou do him lowly homage for the same.

And for that purpose here I somon thee,

Repaire to France within these forty daies,

That there according as the coustome is.

Thou mayst be sworne true liegeman to our King,

Edward the third.

Or else thy title in that prouince dyes,
And hee him self will repofseffe the place.
K.Ed: See how occasion laughes me in the face,

No sooner minded to prepare for France,
But straight I am inuited, nay with threats,
Vppon a penaltie inioynd to come:

Twere but a childish part to say him nay,
Lorrayne returne this answer to thy Lord,
I meane to visit him as he requests,

But how? not seruilely disposd to bend,
But like a conquerer to make him bowe,
His lame vnpolisht shifts are come to light,
And trueth hath puld the visard from his face,

That sett a glasse vpon his arrogannce,
Dare he commaund a fealty in mee,
Tell him the Crowne that hee vsurpes, is myne,

And where he sets his foote he ought to knele,
Tis not a petty Dukedome that I claime,
But all the whole Dominions, of the Realme,
Which if with grudging he refuse to yeld,
He take away those borrowed plumes of his,
And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor: Then Edward here in spight of all thy Lords,
I doe pronounce defyaunce to thy face.

Pri: Desiance French man we rebound it backe,
Euen to the bottom of thy matters throat,
And be it spoke with reuerence of the King,
My gracious father and these other Lordes,
I hold thy message but as scurrylous,
And him that sent thee like the lazy droane,
Crept vp by stelth vnto the Eagles nest,
From whence wele shake him with so rough a storme,
As others shalbe warned by his harme,

War: Byd him leaue of the Lyons case he weares,
Least meeting with the Lyon in the feeld,
He chauce to teare him peecemeale for his pride.

Ari: I' a soundest counsell I can giue his grace,

The Raigne of

Is to surrender ere he be contraynd.

A voluntarie mischief hath lesse scorene,

Then when reproch with violence is borne,

Lor. Regenerate Traytor, viper to the place,

Where thou wast fostred in thine infancy:

Bearest thou a part in this conspiracy?

He draws his Sword.

K.Ed. Lorraine behold the sharpnes of this Steele:

Feruent desire that sits against my heart,

Is farre more thornie pricking than this blade.

That with the nightingale I shall be seard:

As oft as I dispose my selfe to rest,

Vntill my collours be displaide in Fraunce:

This is thy finall Answer, so be gone.

Lor. It is not that nor any English braue,

Afflicts me so, as doth his poysoned view,

That is most false, should most of all be true.

K.Ed. Now Lord our fleeting Barke is vnder sayle:

Our gage is throwne, and warre is soone begun,

But not so quickly brought vnto an end.

Enter Mountague.

Moun. But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?

How stands the league betweene the Scot and vs?

Mo. Crackt and disleuered my renowned Lord:

The treacherous King no sooner was informd,

Of your with drawing of your army backe:

But straight forgetting of his former othe,

He made inuasion on the bordering Townes:

Barwicke is woon, Newcastle spoyld and lost,

And now the tyrant hath beguirt with sege,

The Castle of Rocksborough, where incloid,

The Countes Salsbury is like to perish:

King. That is thy daughter Warwicke is it not?

Whose husband hath in Brittainy serud so long,

About the planting of Lord Mounesford there?

War. It is my Lord,

Edward the third.

K: Ignoble David hast thou none to greue,
But filly Ladies with thy threatning armes:
But I will make you shrinke your snailie hornes,
First therefore Audley this shalbe thy charge,
Go leuie footemen for our warres in Fraunce;
And Ned take muster of our men at armes,
In euery shire elect a seuerall band,
Let them be Souldiers of a lustie spirite,
Such as dread nothing but dishonors blot,
Be warie therefore since we do comence,
A famous Warre, and with so mighty a nation:
Derby be thou Embassador for vs,
Vnto our Father in Law the Earle of Henalt:
Make him acquainted with our enterprise,
And likewise will him with our owne allies,
That are in Flaunders, to sollicite to,
The Emperour of Almaine in our name:
My selfe whilst you are ioyntly thus employd,
Will with these forces that I haue at hand,
March, and once more repulse the trayterous Scott:
But Sirs be resolute, we shal haue warres
On euery side, and Ned, thou must begin,
Now to forget thy study and thy bookes,
And vre thy shoulders to an Armors weight.
Pr. As cheeretul sounding to my youthfull spleene,
This tumult is of warres increasing broyles,
As at the Coronation of a king,
The ioyfull clamours of the people are,
When *Anc. Cesar* they pronounce aloud;
Within this schoole of honor I shall learne,
Either to sacrifice my foes to death,
Or in a rightfull quarrell spend my breath,
Then cheerefully forward ech a seuerall way,
In great affaires tis nought to vse delay.

Exunt.

Enter

B

The Raigne of King

Enter the Countesse.

Alas how much in vaine my poore eyes gaze,
For souccour that my soueraigne should send;
A co sin Mountague, I feare thou wants,
The liuely spirit straightely to solicit,
Wth vehement sute the king in my behalfe:
Thou dost not tell him what a gaine it is,
To be the scornefull captiue to a Scot,
Either to be wooed with broad vtuned othes,
Or foist by rough insulting barbarine:
Thou dost not tell him if he heere preuaile,
How much they will deride vs in the North,
And in their vild vnscuill skipping giggs,
Bray forth their Conquest and our ouerthrow,
Euen in the barraine, bleake and fruitlesse aire,

Enter David and Douglas, Lorraine,

I must withdraw, the cuerlasting foe,
Comes to the wall, Ile closely step aside,
And list their babble blunt and full of pride.
K. Da: My Lord of Lorraine, to our brother of Fraunce,
Commend vs as the man in Christendome,
That we must reuerence and intirely loue,
Touching your embassage, returne and say,
That we with England will not enter paille,
Nor neuer make faire wether, or take truce,
But burne their neighbor townes and so persill
With eager Rods beyond their Citie Yorke,
And neuer shall our bonny riders rest:
Nor rust in canker, haue the time to eate,
Their light borne snaffles, nor their nimble spu
Nor lay aside their Jacks of Gymould mayle,
Nor hang their stauces of grayned Scottish ash,
In peacefull wise, vpon their Citie wals,
Nor from their buttoned tawny leatherne belts,
Dismiss their byting whinyards, till your King,

Chri

Edward the third.

Cry out enough, spare England now for pittie,
Fare well, and tell him that you leaue vs heare,
Before this Casile, say you came from vs,
Even when we had that yeclded to our hands,

Lor: take my leaue and fayrely will returne
Your acceptable greeting to my king. *Exit Lor.*

K. D: Now Duglas to our former taske again,
For the deuision of this certayne spoyle,

Dou: My liege I craue the Ladie and no more,
King: Nay soft ye sir, first I must make my choyse,
And first I do bespeake her for my selfe,

D. Why then my liege let me enioy her iewels,

King: Those are her owne still liable to her,
And who inherits her, hath those with all.

Enter a Scot in hast.

Mes: My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,
To fetch in booty, marching hitherward,
We might discry a mighty host of men,

The Sunne reflecting on the armour shewed,
A field of plate, a wood of pickes aduanced:

Bethinke your highnes speedely herein,
An easie march within foure howres will bring,
The hindmost rancke, vnto this place my liege.

King: Dislodge, dislodge, it is the king of England.

Dug: Lemmy my man, saddle my bonny blacke.

King: Meantst thou to fight, Duglas we are to weake.

D. I know it well my liege, and therefore flie.

Com: My Lords of Scotland will ye stay and drinke:

King: She mocks at vs Duglas, I cannot endure it.

Comm: Say good my Lord, which is he must haue the Ladie,
And which her iewels, I am sure my Lords

Ye will not hence, till you haue shard the spoyles.

King: Shee heard the messenger, and heard our talke.

And now that comfort makes her scorine at vs,

Another messenger.

Mes: Arme my good Lord, O we are all surpride,

The Raigne of King

After the French embassador my liege,
And tell him that you dare not ride to Yorke,
Excuse it that your bonnie horse is lame.

K. He heard that to, intollerable griefe:
Woman farewell althrough I do not stay.

Exunt Scots.

Comm: Tis not for feare, and yet you run away,
O happie comfort welcome to our house,
The confident and boystrous boasting Scot,
That swore before my walls they would not backe,
For all the armed power of this land,
With facelesse feare that euer turns his backe:
Turnd hence againe the blasting North-east winde:
Vpon the bare report and name of Armes.

Enter Mountague.

M.: O Sommers day, see where my Cofin comes:
How fares my Aunt? we are not Scots,
Why do you shut your gates against your friends?

C.: Well may I giue a welcome Cofin to thee:
For thou consist well to chafe my foes from hence.

M.: The king himselfe is come in person hither:
Deare Aunt discend and gratulate his highnes.

C.: How may I entertayne his Maieslie,
To shew my duety, and his dignitie.

Enter king Edward, Warwick, Artoyes, with others.

K. Ed: What are the stealing Foxes fled and gone
Before we could vncupple at their heeles.

War: They are my liege, but with a cheeteful cry,
Hot hunds and hardie chase them at the heeles.

Enter Countesse.

K. Ed: This is the Countesse Warwike, is it not.

War: Euen shee liege, whose beauty tyrants feare,
As a May blossome with pernicious winds,
Hath sullied, withered ouercast and donne.

K. Ed: Hath shee been fairer Warwike then shee is?

War: My gracious King, faire is shee not at all,
If that her selfe were by to staine her selfe,

Toward the third.

As I haue seene her when she was her selfe.

K.E.: What strange enchantment lurke in those her eyes?

When they exceld this excellence they haue,

That now her dym decaye hath power to draw,

My subiect eyes from perishing maiestie,

To gaze on her with doting admiration,

Comm. In duetie lower then the ground I kneele,

And for my dul knees bow my feeling heart,

To witnes my obedience to your highnes,

With many millions of a subiects thanks.

For this your Royall presence, whose approach,

Hath driuen war and danger from my gate.

K. Lady stand vp, I come to bring thee peace,

How euer thereby I haue purchast war.

C.: No war to you my liege, the Scots are gone,

And gallop home toward Scotland with their harte,

Least yeelding heere, I pyne in shamefull loues:

Come wele persue the Scots, Artoyes away.

C.: A little while my gracious soueraigne stay,

And let the power of a mighty king

Honor our roose: my husband in the warres,

When he shall heare it will triumph for ioy.

Then deare my liege, now niggard not thy state,

Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

King. Pardon me countesse, I will come no neare,

I dreame to night of treason and I feare.

C.: Far from this place let vgly treason ly.

K: No farther off, then her conspyring eye,

Which shoots infected poyson in my heart.

Beyond repulse of swit or cure of Art,

Now in the Sunne alone it doth not lye,

With light to take light, from a mortall eye.

For here to day stars that myne eies would see,

More then the Sunne steales myne owne light from mee:

Contemplatiue desire, desire to be,

In contemplation that may master thee.

The Raigne of King

Warwike, Artoys, to horie and lets away.

Co: What might I speake to make my soueraigne stay?

King: What needs a tongue to such a speaking cie,
That more perswads then winning Oratorie.

Co: Let not thy preface like the Aprill sunne,
Flatter our earth, and sodenly be done:

More happie do not make our outward wall,
Then thou wilt grace our inner house withall,

Our house my liege is like a Country swaine,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and playne,

Prelageth nought, yet inly beautified,
With bounties riches, and faire hidden pride:

For where the golden Ore doth buried lie,

The ground vndeck with natures tapestrie,

Seemes barayne, fere, vnfertill, fruitles dry,

And where the vpper turfe of earth doth boast,

His pride perfumes, and party colloured cost,

Deleue there, and find this issue and their pride,

To spring from ordure, and corruptions side:

But to make vp my all to long compare,

These ragged walles no testomie are,

What is within, but like a cloake doth hide,

From weathers West, the vnder garnisht pride:

More gracious then my tearmes can let thee be,

Intreat thy selfe to stay a while with mee.

King: As v.ile as faire, what fond fit can be heard,

When wisdom keeps the gate as beuries gard,

Counesse, albeit my busines vrgeth me,

Yt shall attend, while I attend on thee:

Come on my Lords, heere will I host to night. *Exeunt.*

Lo: I might perceiue his eye in her eye lost,

His care to drinke her sweet tongues vterance,

And changing passion like inconstant clouds:

That tracke vpon the carriage of the windes,

Increase and die in his disturbed cheekes:

Loe when shee blushes, euen then did he looke pale,

Edward the third.

As if her cheekes by some inchaunted power,
Attracted had the cherie blood from his,
A none with reuerent feare, when she grew pale,
His cheek put on their scarlet ornaments,
But no more like her oryent all red,
Then Bricke to Corral, or liue things to dead,
Why did he then thus counterfeite her lookes,
If she did blush twas tender modest shame,
Being in the sacred present of a King.
If he did blush, twas red in modest shame,
To waile his eyes amisse being a king;
If she lookt pale, twas silly womans feare,
To beare her selfe in presence of a king:
If he lookt pale, it was with guiltie feare,
To dote a misse being a mighty king,
Then Scottis warres farewell, I feare twill prooue
A lingring English seege of pecuifh loue,
Here comes his highnes walking all alone.

Enter King Edward.

King: Shee is growne more fairer far since I came thither,
Her voice more siluer euery word then other,
Her wit more fluent, what a strange discourse,
Vnfolded she of Dauid and his Scots:
Even thus quoth she, he spake, and then spoke broad,
With epithites and accents of the Scot:
But somewhat better then the Scot could speake,
And thus quoth she, and answered then her selfe,
For who could speake like her but she her selfe:
Breathes from the wall, an Angels note from Heauen:
Of sweete defiance to her barbarous foes,
When she would talke of peace me thinke shee ton3,
Commended war to prison: when of war,
It wakened Caesar from his Romane graue,
To heare warre beautified by her discourse,
Wisedome is foolishnes, but in her tongue,
Beauty a slander but in her faire face,
There is no summer, but in her cheerefull lookes.

The Raigne of King

Nor frosty winter, but in her disdayne,
I cannot blame the Scots that d'd besiege her,
For she is all the Treasure of our lands:
But call them cowards that they ran away,
Hauing so rich and faire a cause to stay.
Art thou thète Lodwicke, giue me incke and paper?

L: I will my liege.

K: And bid the Lords hold on their play at Chess,
For wee will walke and meditate alone.

L: I will my soueraigne.

K: This fellow is well read in poetrie,
And hath a lustie and perswasive spirite:
I will acquaint him with my passion,
Which he shall shadow with a vaile of lawne,
Through which the Queene of beauties Queene shall see,
Her selfe the ground of my infirmite.

Enter Lodwicke.

K: Haft thou pen, inke and paper ready Lodowike,

L: Ready my liege.

K: Then in the sommer arber sit by me,
Make it our counsel house or cabynets:
Since greene our thoughts, greene be the conuenticle,
Where we will ease vs by disburdning them:
Now Lodwicke inuocate some golden Muse,
To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
That may for sighes, set downe true sighes indeeds
Talking of griefe, to make thee ready grone,
And when thou writest of teares, enouch the word,
Before and after with such sweete laments,
That it may rayse drops in a Torters eye,
And make a flynt heart Sythian pytifull,
For so much moouing hath a Poets pen:
Then if thou be a Poet moue thou so,
And be enriched by thy soueraigne loue:
For if the touch of sweet concordant strings,
Could force attendance in the eares of hel,

Edward the third.

How much more shall the straines of poets wit,
Beguild and rauish soft and humane myndes.

Lor: I o whome my Lord shal I direct my stile.

King: To one that shames the faire and sots the wise,
Whose bodie is an abstract or a breese,

Containes ech generall vertue in the worlde,

Better then bewtifull thou must begin,

Deuise for faire a fairer word then faire,

And euery ornament that thou wouldest praise,

Fly it a pitch about the soare of praise,

For flattery feare thou not to be conficted,

For were thy admiration ten tymes more,

Ten tymes ten thousand more thy worth exceeds,

Of that thou art to praise their praises worth,

Beginne I will to contemplat the while,

Forget not to set downe how passionat,

How hart sicke and how full of languishment,

Her beautie makes mee,

Lor: Writ I to a woman?

King: What bewtie els could triumph on me,

Or who but women doe our loue layes greet,

What thinkest thou I did bid thee praise a horse.

Lor: Of what condicion or estate she is,

Twere requisit that I should know my Lord,

King: Of such estate, that hers is as a throane,

And my estate the footstool where shee treads,

Then maist thou iudge what her condition is,

By the proportion of her mightines,

Write on while I peruse her in my thoughts,

Her voice to musicke or the nightingale,

To musicke euery sommer leaping swaine,

Compares his sunburnt louer when shee speaks,

And why should I speake of the nightingale,

The nightingale singes of adulterate wrong,

And that compared is to satyricall,

For synne though synne would not be so esteemd,

The Raigne of King

But rather vertue sin, synne vertue deemed,
Her hair far softer then the silke wormes twist,
Like to a flattering glas doth make more faire,
The yelow Amber like a flattering glas,
Comes in to soone: for writing of her eies,
He say that like a glas they catch the sunnie,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebounde,
Against my brest and burnes my hart within,
Ah what a world of descant makes my soule,
Vpon this voluntarie ground of loue,
Come Lodwick hast thou turnd thy inke to golde,
If not, write but in letters Capitall my mistres name,
And it wil guild thy paper, read Lorde, reade,
Fill thou the emptie hollowes of mine eares,
With the sweete hearing of thy poetrie,

Lo: I haue not to a period brought her praise.

King: Her praise is as my loue, both infinit,
Which apprehend such violent extremes,
That they disdaine an ending period.

Her bewtie hath no match but my affection,
Hers more then most, mine most, and more then more,
Hers more to praise then tell the sea by drops,
Nay more then drop the massie earth by sands,
And said, by said, print them in memorie,
Then wherefore talkest thou of a period,
To that which craues vnended admiration.

Read let vs heare,

Lo: More faire and chaste then is the queen of shades:

King: That loue hath two salts grosse and palpable,
Comparest thou her to the pale queene of night,
Who being set in daike seemes therefore light,
What is she, when the sunne lifts vp his head,
But like a fading taper dym and dead.

My loue shall braue the ey of heauen at noon,
And being vnmaskt outshine the golden sun,

Lo: What is the other fault, my foueraigne Lord,

Edward the third.

King. Readeore the line againe,

Lo: More faire and chaff,

King: I did not bid thee talke of chastitie,

To ranfack fo the treason of her minde,

For I had rather haue her chased then chaff,

Out with the moone line, I wil none of it,

And let me haue hir likened to the sun,

Say shee hath thrice more splendour then the sun,

That her perfections emulats the sunne,

That shee breeds sweets as plenteous as the sunne,

That shee doth thaw cold winter like the sunne,

That shee doth cheere fresh sommer like the sunne,

That shee doth dazle gazers like the sunne,

And in this application to the sunne,

Bid her be free and generall as the sunne,

Who smiles vpon the basest weed that growes,

As louinglie as on the fragrant rose,

Lets see what followes that same moonelight line,

Lo: More faire and chaff then is the louer of shades,

More bould in constancie.

King: In constancie then who,

Lo: Then Iudith was,

King: O monstrous line, put in the next a sword

And I shall woo her to cut of my head

Blot, blot, good Lodwicke let vs heare the next,

Lo: Theres all that yet is donne.

King: I thanke thee then thou hast don lide ill,

But what is don is passing passing ill,

No let the Captaine talke of boystrous warr,

The prisoner of emured darke constraint,

The sick man best sets downe the pangs of death,

The man that starues the sweetnes of a feast,

The frozen soule the benefite of fire,

And euery griefe his happie opposite,

Loue cannot sound well but in louers touns,

Giue me the pen and paper I will write,

The Raigne of King

Enter Countes,

But soft here comes the treasurer of my spirit,
Lodwick thou knowst not how to drawe a battell,
These wings, these flankers, and these squadrons,
Argue in thee defectiue discipline,
Thou shouldest haue placed this here, this other here,
Co. Pardon my boldnes my thrice gracious Lords,
Let my intrusion here be cald my duetie,
That comes to see my soueraigne how he fares,
Kin: Go draw the same I tell thee in what forme.

Lor: I go.

Con: Sorry I am to see my liege so sad,
What may thy subiect do to driue from thee,

Thy gloomy confort, sullome melancholie,

King: Ah Lady I am blunt and cannot strawe,

The flowers of solace in a ground of shame,

Since I came hither Countes I am wronged,

Con: Now God forbid that anie in my howse
Should thinck my soueraigne wrong, thrice gentle King:

King: Acquaint me with theyr cause of discontent.

How neere then shall I be to remedie.

Con: As neere my Liege as all my womans power,
Can pawne it selfe to buy thy remedy.

King: Yf thou speakst true then haue I my redresse,

Ingage thy power to redeeme my loyes,

And I am ioyfull Countes els I die.

Con: I will my Liege.

King: Swear Counties that thou wilt.

Con: By heauen I will,

King: Then take thy selfe a litle waie a side,

And tell thy selfe a King doth dote on thee,

Say that within thy power doth lie.

To make him happy, and that thou hast sworne,

To giue him all the Ioy within thy power,

Do this and tell me when I shall be happie.

Caesars the third.

Comm: All this is done my thrice dread Souereigne,
That power of loue that I haue power to giue.

Thou hast with all deuout obedience,
Inploy me how thou wilt in prose therof,
King: Thou hearst me saye that I do dote on thee,

Comm: Yf on my beauty take yt if thou canst,
Though little I do prize it ten tymes lesse,
If on my vertue take it if thou canst,
For vertues store by giuing doth augment,
Be it on what it will that I can giue,
And thou canst take awaie inherit it.

King: It is thy beaucie that I woulde enioy,
Comm: O were it painted I would wipe it of,

And dispossesse my selfe to giue it thee,
But souereigne it is souldered to my life,
Take one and both for like an humble shaddow,
Ychauntes the sunshine of my summers life,
But thou maist leue it me to sport with all,

Comm: As easie may my intellectual soule,
Be lent awaie and yet my bodie liue,
As lend my bodie pallace to my soule,
A waie from her and yet retaine my soule,

My bodie is her bower her Court her abey,
And shee an Angell pure deuine vnspotted,
If I should leaue her house my Lord to thee,
I kill my poore soule and my poore soule me.

King: Didst thou not sweare to giue me what I would,

Comm: I did my liege so what you would I could.

King: I wish no more of thee then thou maist giue,
Nor beg I do not but I rather buie,

That is thy loue and for that loue of thine,
In rich exchange I tender to thee myne,

Comm: But that your lippes were sacred my Lord,
You would prophane the holie name of loue,

That loue you offer me you cannot giue,
For Caesar owes that tribut to his Queene,

The Raigne king

That loue you beg of me I cannot giue,
For Sara owes that ductie to her Lord,
He that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,
Shall die my Lord, and will your sacred selfe,
Comit high treason against the King of heauen,
To stamp his Image in forbidden mettel,
For getting your alleageance, and your oche,
In violating mariage sacred law,
You breake a greater honor then your selfe,
To be a King is of a yonger houle,
Then to be married, your progenitour
Sole raigning Adam on the vniuersie,
By God was honored for a married man,
But not by him annointed for a king,
It is a pennalty to breake your statutes,
Though not enacted with your highnes hand,
How much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, seald with his hand,
I know my souereigne in my husbands loue,
Who now doth loyall seruice in his warrs,
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whither shee will heare a wantons tale or no,
Lest being therein giulty by my stay,
From that not from my leige I tourne awaie : *Exit.*
King. Whether is her bewtie by her words dyuine,
Or are her words sweet chaplaines to her bewtie,
Like as the wind doth beautifie a saile,
And as a saile becomes the vnseene winde,
So doe her words her bewties, bewtie wordes,
O that I were a honie gathering bee,
To beare the combe of vertue from his flower,
And not a poison sucking enuious spider,
To turne the vice I take to deadlie venom,
Religion is austere and bewty gentle,
To stricke a garden for so faire a weed,
O that shee were as is the aire to mee,

Edward the third.

Why so she is, for when I would embrace her,
This do I, and catch nothing but my selfe,
I must enioy her, for I cannot beate
With reason and reproofe fond loue a waie.

Enter Warwicke.

Here comes her father I will worke with him,
To beare my collours in this feild of loue.

War: How is it that my souteigne is so sad,
May I with pardon know your highnes griefe,
And that my old endeuer will remoue it,

It shall not comber long your maiestie,

King: A kind and voluntary giift thou proferest,

That I was forward to haue begd of thee,

But O thou world great nurse of flatterie,

Whie dost thou tip mens tongues with golden words,

And peise their deedes with weight of heauie leade,

That faire performance cannot follow promise,

O that a man might hold the hartes close booke,

And choke the lauish tongue when it doth utter

The breath of falshood not carested there:

War: Far be it from the honor of my age,

That I should owe bright gould and tender lead,

Age is a cyncke, not a flatterer,

I saye againe, that I if knew your griefe,

And that by me it may be leined,

My proper harme should buy your highnes good,

These are the vulger tenders of false men,

That neuer pay the duetie of their words,

King: Thou wilt not sucke to sweare what thou hast said,

But when thou knowest my greifes condition,

This rash disgorged vomit of thy word,

Thou wilt eate vp againe and leaue me helples.

War. By heauen I will not though your maiestie,

Did byd me run vpon your sworde and dis-

Say

The Raigne of King

Say that my greefe is no way medicinable,
But by the losse and bruising of thine honour,
War: Yf nothing but that losse may vantage you,
I would accomplish that losse my vantage to,
King. Thinkit that thou canst answere thy oth againe,
War: I cannot nor I would not if I could.
King. But if thou dost what that I say to thee,
War: What may be said to anie periurd villane,
That breake the sacred warrant of an oath;
King. What wilt thou say to one that breaks an othe,
War. That he hath broke his faith with God and man,
And from them both standes excommunicat,
King. What office were it to suggest a man,
To breake a lawfull and religious vowe.
War. An office for the deuill not for man,
Ki. That deuilles office must thou do for me,
Or breake thy oth or cancell all the bondes,
Of loue and duerie twixt thy self and mee,
And therefore Warlike if thou art thy selfe,
The Lord and master of thy word and othe,
Go to thy daughter and in my behalfe,
Comaund her, woo her, win her anie waies,
To be my mistres and my secret loue,
I will not stand to heare thee make reply,
Thy oth breake hers or let thy soueraigne dye. Exit,
King: O doting King, or detestable office,
Well may I tempt my self to wrong my self,
When he hath sworne me by the name of God,
To breake a vowe made by the name of God,
What if I sweare by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hande of the better waie,
Were to prophaine the Idoll then confound it,
But neither will I do Ile keepe myne oath,
And to my daughter make a recantation,
Of all the vertue I haue preacht to her,

Edward the third.

Ile say she must forget her husband Salisbury,
If she remember to embrace the king,
Ile say an othe may easily be broken,
But not so easily pardoned being broken:
Ile say it is true charitie to loue,
But not true loue to be so charitable;
Ile say his greatnes may beare out the shame,
But not his kingdome can buy out the sinne;
Ile say it is my duety to perswade,
But not her honestie to giue consent.

Enter Countesse.

See where she comes, was neuer father had,
Against his child, an embassage so bad.

Ce: My Lord and father, I haue sought for you:
My mother and the Peeres importune you,
To keepe in promise of his maiestie.

And do your best to make his highnes merrie.
War: How shall I enter in this gracelesse arrant,
I must not call her child, for wheres the father,
That will in such a sute seduce his child:

Then wife of Salisbury shall I so begin:
No hees my friend, and where is found the friend
That will doe friendship such in dammagement:
Neither my daughter, nor my deare friends wife,
I am not Warwike as thou thinkst I am,
But an attornie from the Court of hell:

That thus haue hould my spirite in his forme,
To do a message to thee from the king:
The mighty king of England dotes on thee:
He that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thy honor, then consent,
To pawne thine honor rather then thy life;

Honor is often lost and got againe,
But life once gon, hath no recouerie:
The Sunne that withers heye goth nourish grasse,
The king that would distaine thee, will aduance thee:

The Reigne of King

The Poets write that great Achilles speare,
Could heale the wound it made: the morrall is,
What mighty men misdoe, they can amende:
The Lyon doth become his bloody iawes,
And grace his forragement by being milde,
When vassell scarce lies trembling at his feete,
The king will in his glory hide thy shame,
And those that gaze on him to finde out thee,
Will loose their eie-sight looking in the Sunne:
What can one drop of poyson harme the Sea,
Whose hugie vastures can digett the ill,
And make it loose his operation:
The kings great name will temper their misdeeds,
And giue the bitter portion of reproch:
A sugred sweet, and most delicious tast:
Besides it is no harme to do the thing,
Which without shame, could not be left vndone;
Thus haue I in his maiesties behalfe,
Apparraled sin, in vertuous sentences,
And dwel vpon thy answer in his sute.
Con: Vnnaturall beseege, woe me vnhappie,
To haue escapt the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse inuierd by friends:
Hath he no meanes to stayne my honest blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,
To be his scandalous and vile soliciter:
No maruell though the braunches be then infected,
When poyson hath encompassed the roote:
No maruell though the leprous infant dye,
When the sterne dame inuennometh the Dug:
Why then giue sinne a passport to offend,
And youth the dangerous reigne of liberty:
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law,
And cancell euery cannon that prescribes,
A shame for shame, or pennance for offence,
No let me die, if his too boystrous will,

Edward the third.

Will haue it so, before I will consent,
To be an actor in his gracelesse suit.
W^{ar}: Why now thou speakest as I would haue thee speake,
And maiketh how I vnfaile my words againe,
An honorable graue is more esteemd,
Then the polluted closet of a king,
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good or bad that he shall vndertake,
An vnreputed mote, flying in the Sunne,
Presents a greater substance then it is:
The freshest summers day doth soonest taint,
The lothed carrion that it seemes to kisse:
Deepe are the blowes made with a mightie Axe,
That sinne doth ten times agreuate it selfe,
That is committed in a holie place,
An euill deed done by authoritie,
Is sin and subbornation: Decke an Ape
In tissue, and the beautie of the robe,
Adds but the greater scorne vnto the beast:
A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
Betweene his gloomie daughter and thy shame,
That poyson shewes worst in a golden cup,
Darke night seemes darker by the lightning flash,
Lillies that fester, sinel far worse then weeds,
And euery glory that inclynes to sin,
The shame is treble, by the opposite,
So leaue I with my blessing in thy bosome,
Which then conuert to a most heauie curse;
When thou conuertest from honors golden name,
To the blacke faction of bed blotting, shame.
C^{oun}: Ills follow thee, and when my minde turnes so,
My body sinke, my soule in endles woo, *Exeunt.*

*Enter at one doore Derby from Exance, At another doore,
Audley with a Drumm.*

Der. Thrice noble Audley, well incountred heere,
How is it with our foue: aigne and his peeres?

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The Raigne of King

And. Tis full a fortnight since I saw his highnes,
What time he sent me forth to truster men,
Which I accordingly haue done and bring them hither,
In faire aray before his maiestie:

King. What newes my Lord of Derby from the Emperour.

Der. As good as we desire: the Emperour
Hath yeelded to his highnes friendly ayd,
And makes our king leiuetenant generall
In all his lands and large dominions,
Then *via* for the spacious bounds of Fraunce;

And. What doth his highnes leap to heare these newes?

Der. I haue not yet found time to open them,
The king is in his closet malcontent,
For what I know not, but he gaue in charge,
Till after dinner, none should interrupt him:
The Countesse Salisbury, and her father Warwike,
Artoyes, and all looke vnderneath the browes.

And. Vndoubtedly then some thing is a misse.

Enter the King.

Der. The Trumpets sound, the king is now abroad,

Ar. Where comes his highnes.

Der. Befall my soueraigne, all my soueraignes wish,

King. Ah that thou wert a Witch to make it so.

Der. The Emperour greeteth you.

King. Would it were the Countesse.

Der. And hath accorded to your highnes suite,

King. Thou lyest she hath not, but I would she had,

An. All loue and duty to my Lord the King.

King. Well all but one is none, what newes with you?

An. I haue my liege, leuied those horse and foote,
According as your charge, and brought them hither.

King. Then let those foote trudge hence vpon those horse,
According too our discharge and be gonne:

Derby. Ile looke vpon the Countesse minde anone,

Der. The Countesse minde my liege.

King. I meane the Emperour, leaue me alone,

An. What is his minde?

Edward the third.

Dar: Lets leaue him to his humor,

Enter.

Kr: Thus from the harts aboundant speaks the tongue,
Countesse for Emperour, and indeed why not?
She is a simperator ouer me, and I to her
Am as a kneeling vassaile that obserues,
The pleasure, or displeasure of her eye

Enter Lodwike.

Kr: What saies the more then Cleopatras match,
To Czar now?

Ls: That yet my liege ere night,
She will resolute your maiestie.

Kr: What drum is this that thunders forth this march,
To start the tender Cupid in my bosome,
Poore shipskin how it braules with him that beateth it
Go breake the thundring parchment bottome out,
And I will teach it to conduct sweete lynes,
Vnto the bosome of a heavenly Nymph,
For I will vse it as my writing paper,
And so reduce him from a scoulding drum,
To be the herald and deare counsaile bearer,
Betwixt a goddesse, and a mighty king:
Go bid the drummer learne to touch the Lute,
Or hang him in the braces of his drum,
For now we thinke it an vciuill thing,
To trouble heauen wrth su ch harsh resounds, Away. *Exit.*
The quarrell that I haue requires no armes,
But these of myne, and these shall meete my foe,
In a deepe march of penytrable grones,
My eyes shall be my arrowes, and my sighes
Shall serue me as the vantage of the winde,
To wherle away my sweetest artillery:
Ah but alas she winnes the sunne of me,
For that is she her selfe, and thence it comes,
That Poets tearme, the wanton warriour blindes
But loue hath eyes as iudgement to his steps,
Till two much loued glory dazles them?

The Raigne of King

Now now,

Enter Lodwike.

Lo. My liege the drum that stroke the lusty march,
Stands with Prince Edward your thrice valiant sonne.

Enter Prince Edward.

King. I see the boy, oh how his mothers face,
Modeld in his, corrects my straid desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thecuiſh eie,
Who being rich ennough in seeing her,
Yet seeke . else where . and basest theft is that,
Which cannot cloke it selfe on pouertie.

Now boy, what art thou?

Pr. E. I haue assembled my deare Lord and father,
The choyssest buds of all our English blood,
For our affaires to Fraunce, and heere we come,
To take direction from your maiestie.

King. Still do I see in him delineate,
His mothers visage, those his eies are hers,
Who looking wistely on me, make me blush:
For faults against themselves, giue euidence,
Lust as a fire, and me like lanthorne show,
Light lust within them selues; euen through them selues:
Away loose filkes or wauering vanitie,
Shall the large limmit offaire Brittain.

By me be ouerthrowne, and shall I not,
Master this little mansion of my selfe;
Giue me an Armor of eternall Steele,
I go to conquer kings, and shall I not then
Subdue my selfe, and be my enemies friend,
It must not be, come boy forward, aduaunce,
Lets with our coullours sweete the Aire of Fraunce.

Enter Lodwike.

Lo. My liege, the Countesse with a smiling cheere,
Desires access vnto your Maiestie.

King. Why there it goes, that verie smile of hers,

Hub

Edward the third.

Hath ransomed captiue Fraunce, and set the King,
The Dolphin and the Peeres at liberty,
Goe leaue me Ned, and reuell with thy friends. *Exit Pr.*
Thy mother is but blacke, and thou like her.
Dost put it in my mind: how foule she is,
Goe fetch the Countesse hether in thy hand, *Exit Lsd.*
And let her chafe away these winter clouds,
For shee giues beautie both to heauen and earth,
The sin is more to hacke and hew poore men,
Then to embrace in an vnlawfull bed,
The register of all rarieties,
Since Letherne Adam, till this youngest howre.

Enter Countesse.

King. Goe Lodwike, put thy hand into thy purse,
Play, spend, giue, ryot, wast, do what thou wilt,
So thou wilt hence awhile and leaue me heere.
Now my soules plaiefellow art thou come,
To speake the more then heauenly word of yea,
To my obiection in thy beautilous loue.

Count. My father on his blessing hath commanded.

King. That thou shalt yeeld to me.

Count. I deare my liege, your due.

King. And that my dearest loue, can be no lesse,
Then right for right, and render loue for loue.

Count. Then wrong for wrong, and endles hate for hate:

But fith I see your maiestie so bent,

That my vnwillingnes, my husbands loue,

Your high estate, nor no respect respected,

Can be my helpe, but that your mightines:

Will ouerbeare and aue these deare regards,

I bynde my discontent to my content,

And what I would not, Ile compell I will,

Provided that your selfe remoue those lets,

That stand betweene your highnes loue and mine,

King. Name then faire Countesse, and by heauen I will.

C. It is their liues that stand betweene our loue.

The Raigne of King

That I would haue chokt vp my soueraigne.

Ki. Whose liues my Lady?

Co. My thrice loning liege,

Your Queene, and Salisburie my wedded husband.

Who liuing haue that tytle in our loue,

That we cannot bestow but by their death,

Ki. Thy opposition is beyond our Law,

Co. So is your desire, if the law

Can hinder you to execute the one,

Let it forbid you to attempt the other:

I Cannot thinke you loue me as you say,

Valess you do make good what you haue sworne.

Nor more, e thy husband and the Queene shall dye,

Fairer thou art by farre, then Hero was,

Beardles Leander not so strong as I:

He swome an easie curraunt for his loue,

But I will throng a hellie spout of bloud,

To arryue at Cestus where my Hero lyes,

Co. Nay youle do more, youle make the Ryuer to,

With their hart bloods, that keepe our loue asunder,

Of which my husband, and your wife are twayne.

Ki. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,

And giues in euidence that they shall dye,

Vpon which verdict I their Iudge condemne them.

Co. O periuerde beautie, more corrupted Iudge:

When to the great Starre-chamber ore our heads,

The vniuersell Sessions calls to count,

This packing cuill, we both shall tremble for it.

Ki. V What saies my faire loue, is she resolute?

Co. Resolute to be dissolude, and therefore this,

Keepe but thy word great king, and I am thine,

Stand where thou dost, ile part a little from thee

And see how I will yeeld me to thy hands:

Here by my side doth hang my wedding knives,

Take thou the one, and with it kill thy Queene

And learne by me to finde her where she lies

And

Edward the third.

And with this other, Ile dispatch my loue,
Which now lies fast a sleepe within my hart,
When they are gone, then Ile consent to loue:
Stir not latciuious king to hinder me,
My resolution is more nimble far,
Then thy preuention can be in my rescue,
And if thou stir, I strike, therefore stand still,
And heare the choyce that I will put thee to:
Either sweare to leaue thy most vnholie sute,
And neuer hence forth to solicit me,
Or else by heauen, this sharpe poynted knyfe,
Shall staine thy earth, with that which thou would staine:
My poore chaste blood, sweare Edward sweare,
Or I will strike and die before thee heere.
King. Euen by that power I sweare that giues me now,
The power to be ashamed of my selfe,
I neuer meane to part my lips againe,
In any words that tends to such a sute.
Arise true English Ladie, whom our Ile
May better boast of then euer Romaine might,
Of her whose ranfackt treasure hath taskt,
The vaine indeuor of so many pens:
Arise and be my fault, thy honors fame,
Which after ages shall enrich thee with,
I am awaked from this idle dreame,
Warwike, my Sonne, Darby, Artoys and Audley,
Braue warriors all, where are you all this while?

Enter all.

Warwike, I make thee Warden of the North,
Thou Prince of Wales, and Audley straight to Sea,
Scoure to New-hauen, some there staie for me:
My selfe, Artoys and Darby will through Flaunders,
To greete our friends there, and to craue their aide,
This night will scarce suffice me to discover,
My follies secge, against a faithfull louer,
For ere the Sunne shal guide the esterne skie,

The Raigne king

Wele wake him with our Marshall harmonie. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Iohn of Fraunce, his
two sonnes, Charles of Nor-
mandie, and Phillip, and the
Duke of Lorraine.

King Iohn.

Heere till our Nauie of a thousand saile,
Hauc made a breakfast to our foe by Sea,
Let vs incampe to wait their happie speede:
Lorraine what readines is Edward in?
How hast thou heard that he prouided is
Of marshall furniture for this exployt.

L: To lay aside vnnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,
Tis bruted for a certenry my Lord,
That hees exceeding strongly fortified,
His subiects flocke as willingly to warre,
As if vnto a tryumph they were led.

C: England was wont to harbour malcontents,
Blood thirsty, and seditious Catelynes,
Spend thrifts, and such as gape for nothing else,
But changing and alteration of the state,
And is it possible,

That they are now so loyall in them selues?

L: All but the Scot, who solemnly protests,
As heeretofore I haue enformed his grace,
Neuer to sheath his Sword, or take a truce.

I: Ah, thats the anchredge of some better hope,
But on the other side, to thinke what friends,
King Edward hath retaynd in Netherland,
Among those euer-bibbing Epicures

Those

Edward the third.

Those frothy Dutch men, puffed with double beere,
That drinke and swill in euery place they come,
Doth not a little aggrauate mine ire,
Besides we hate the Emperour conioynes,
And stails him in his owne authoritie:
But all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reapes the victory,
Some friends haue we beside drum stricke power,
The sterne Polonian and the warlike Dane:
The king of Bohemia, and of Cyclie.
Are all become confederates with vs,
And as I thinke are marching hither apace,
But soft I heare the musicke of their drums,
By which I gesse that their approach is neare.

Enter the King of Bohemia with
Danes, and a Polonian Captaine
with other soldiers another way.

King of Boheme.

King Iohn of Fraunce, as league and neighborhood,
Requires when friends are any way distressed,
I come to aide thee with my countries force,

Pol. Cap. And from great Musco fearefull to the Turke,
And lofty Poland, nurse of hardie men,
I bring these seruitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

K. Bo. Welcome Bohemian king, and welcome all,
This your great kindnesse I will not forget.
Besides your plentiful rewards in Crownes,
That from our Treasury ye shall receiue,
There comes a hare braind Nation deckt in pride,
The spoyle of whome will be a trebble game,
And now my hope is full, my ioy complete,

At

The Raigne of King

*At Sea we are as puissant as the force;
Of Agamemnon in the Hauen of Troy:
By land with Zerxes we compare of strength,
Whose souldiers dranke vp riuers in their thirst:
Then Bayardlike, blinde ouerweaning Ned,
To reach at our imperiall dyadem,
Is either to be swallowed of the waues,
Or hakt a peece when thou comest a shore.*

Enter.

Mar. Neere to the coast I haue discribde my Lord,
As I was busie in my watchfull charge,
The proud Armado of king Edwards ships,
Which at the first far off when I did ken,
Seemd as it were a groue of withered pines,
But drawing neere, their glorious bright aspect,
Their streaming Ensignes wrought of coulloured silke,
Like to a meddow full of sundry flowers,
Adornes the naked bosome of the earth.
Maictticall the order of their course,
Figuring the horned Circle of the Moone,
And on the top gallant of the Admirall,
And likewise all the handmaides of his trayne:
The Armies of England and of Fraunce vnite,
Are quartred equally by Heralds art;
Thus titely carried with a merrie gale,
They plough the Ocean hitherward amayne:
Dare he already crop the Flewer de Luce:
I hope the hony being gathered thence,
He with the spider afterward approcht
Shall sucke forth deadly venom from the leaues,
But wheres our Navy, how are they prepared,
To wing them selues against this sight of Raucns.
Ma. They hauing knowledge, brought them by the scout,
Did breake from Anchor straight, and puffed with rage,
No otherwise then were their sailes with winde,
Made forth, as when the empty Eagle flies,

To

Edward the third.

To satifie his hungrie griping mawe,
Io: Thees for thy newes, retorne vnto thy barke,
And if thou scape the bloody strooke of warre,
And do suruiue the conflict, come againe,
And let vs heare the manner of the fight,
Meane space my Lords, tis best we be disperst,
To seuerall places least they chaunce to land:
First you my Lord, with your Bohemian Troupes,
Shall pitch your battailes on the lower hand,
My eldest sonne the Duke of Normandie,
Together with this aide of Mascouites,
Shall clyme the higher ground an other waye:
Heere in the middle cost betwixt you both,
Phillip my yongest boy and I will lodge,
So Lords begon, and looke vnto your charge.
You stand for Fraunce, an Empire faire and large,
Now tell me Phillip, what is their concept,
Touching the challenge that the English make,
Ph: I say my Lord, clayme Edward what he can,
And bring he nere so playne a pedegree,
Tis you are in possession of all the Lawe,
And thats the surest poynt of all the Lawe:
But were it not, yet ere he should preuaile,
Ile make a Conduit of my dearest blood,
Or chase those stragling vpstarts home againe,
King: Well said young Phillip, call for bread and Wine,
That we may cheere our stomacks with repast, The battell
To looke our foes more sternely in the face. hard a farre
Now is begun the heauie day at Sea, off.
Fight Frenchmen, fight, be like the fielde of Beares,
VWhen they defend their younglings in their Caues:
Stir angry Nemesis the happie helme,
That with the sulphur battels of your rage,
The English Flecte may be disperst and sunke,
Ph: O Father how this eckoing Cannon shot.
Like sweete harmonie disgests my cates.

Exit.

Exunt.

Shew.

The Raigne of king

Now boy thou hearest what thundring terror tis,
To buckle for a kingdomes souerentie,
The earth with giddie trembling when it shakes,
Or when the exalations of the aire,
Breakes in extremitie of lighening flash,
Affrights not more then kings when they dispose,
To shew the rancor of their high swolne harts,
Retraie is sounded, one side hath the worse, *Retraie.*
O if it be the French, sweete fortune turne,
And in thy turning change the forward winds,
That with aduantage of a fauoring skie,
Our men may vanquish and thither flie.

Enter Marquer.

My hart misgiues, say mirror of pale death,
To whome belongs the honor of this day,
Relate I pray thee, if thy breath will serue,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture.

Mar. I will my Lord.

My gracious soueraigne, Fraunce hath tane the foyle,
And boasting Edward triumphs with successe;
These Iron harted Nauies,
When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleene of hope and feare:
Halting to meete each other in the face,
At last conioynd, and by their Admirall,
Our Admirall encountred manie shot,
By this the other that beheld these twaine,
Giue earnest peny of a further wracke,
Like fiery Dragons tooke their haughty flight,
And likewise meeting, from their smoky wombers,
Sent many grym Embassadors of death,
Then gan the day to turne to gloomy night,
And darkenes did as wel inclose the quicke,
As those that were but newly rest of life,
No leasure serud for friends to bid farewell,
And if it had, the hideous noise was such,

Edward the third.

As ech to other seemed deafe and dombe,
Purple the Sea whose channel fild as fast,
With streaming gore that from the maymed fell,
As did her gushing moysture breake into,
The cranny cleftures of the through shot planks,
Heere flew a head dissuered from the tronke,
There mingled armes and legs were tost aloft,
As when a wherle winde takes the Summer dust,
And scatters it in middlle of the aire,
Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthlesse fload,
Vntill their lofty tops were scene no more.

All shifts were tried both for defence and hurt,
And now the effect of vallor and of force,
Of resolution and of a cowardize:

We liuely pictured, how the one for fame;
The other by compulsion laid about;
Much did the *Nim per alla*, that braue ship,
So did the blacke snake of Bullen, then which
A bonnier vessel neuer yet spred sayle,
But all in vaine, both Sunne, the Wine and tyde,
Reuolted all vnto our foe mens side,
That we perforce were fayne to giue them way,
And they are landed, thus my tale is donne,
We haue vntimly lost, and they haue woone.

K. I. Then rests there nothing but with present speede,

To ioyne our seuerall forces al in one,
And bid them battaile ere they rainge to farre,

Come gentle Phillip, let vs hence depart,

This souldiers wouds haue perst thy fathers hart. *Exeunt*

*Enter two French men, a woman and two little Children,
meet them another Citizens.*

One: Wel met iny masters: how now, whats the newes,
And wherefore are ye laden thus with stuffe:
What is it quarter daie that you remoue,
And carrie bag and baggage too?

The Raigne of King

Two: Quarter day, I and quartering pay I feare:
Haue we not heard the newes that flies abroad?

One: What newes?

Three: How the French Navy is destroyd at Sea,
And that the English Armie is arriued.

One: What then?

Two: What then quoth you? why ist not time to flie,
When enuie and destruction is so nigh,

One: Content thee man, they are farre enough from hence,
And will be met I warrant ye to their cost,
Before they breake so far into the Realme.

Two: I so the Grasshopper doth spend the time,
In mirthfull iollitie till Winter come,
And then too late he would redeeme his time,
When frozen cold hath nipt his carelesse head:

He that no sooner will provide a Cloake,
Then when he sees it doth begin to raigne,
May peraduenture for his negligence,
Be thoroughly washed when he suspects it not,
We that haue charge, and such a trayne as this,
Must looke in time, to looke for them and vs,
Least when we would, we cannot be relieued.

One: Be like you then dispaire of ill successe,
And thinke your Country will be subiugate.

Three: We cannot tell, tis good to feare the worst.

One: Yet rather fight, then like vnnaturall sonnes,
For sake your louing parents in distresse.

Two: Tush they that haue already taken armes,
Are manie fearefull millions in respect
Of that small handfull of our enemies:

Buttis a rightfull quarrell must preuaile,
Edward is sonne vnto our late kings sister,
Where Iohn Valoys, is three degrees remoued.

Wo: Besides, there goes a Prophesie abroad,
Published by one that was a Fryer once,
Whose Oracles haue many times prooued true,

And

Edward the third.

And now he sayes the tyme will shortly come,
When as a Lyon rowled in the west,
Shall carie hence the fluerdeluce of France,
These I can tell yee and such like surmises,
Strike many french men cold vnto the heart :

Enter a French man.

Flie cuntry men and cytizens of France,
Sweete flowing peace the roote of happie life,
Is quite a bandoned and expulst the lande,
In sted of whome ranackt constraining warre,
Syts like to Ratuens vppon your houses topps,
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets.
And vnrestrained make hauock as they passe,
The forme whereof euen now my selfe beheld,
Vpon this faire mountaine whence I came,
For so far of as I directed mine eies,
I might perceauie fise Cities all on fire,
Corne fieldes and vineyards burning like an ouen,
And as the leaking vapour in the wind,
It turned but a fide I like wise might disseme.
The poore inhabitants escapt the flame,
Fall numberles vpon the souldiers pikes,
Three waies these dredsull ministers of wrath,
Do tread the measuers of their tragicke march,
Vpon the right hand comes the cconquering King,
Vpon the lefte is hot vnbridled sonne,
And in the midst our nations glittering hoast,
All which though distant yet conspire in one,
To leaue a desolation where they come,
Flie therefore Citizens if you be wise,
Seeke out som habitation further of,
Here if you staie your wiues will be a bused,
Your treasure sharde before your weeping eies,
Shelter you your selues for now the sterme doth rise,

The Raigne of King

*Away, away, me thinks I heare their drums,
Ah wretched France, I greatly feare thy fall,
Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.*

*Enter King Edward and the Erie of Darby
With Souldiers, and Gobin de Graie.*

Kin: Wheres the French man by whose cunning guide,
We found the shalow of this Riuer Sone,
And had direction how to passe the sea,

Ge: Here my good Lord.

Kin: How art thou calde, tell me thy name.

Ge: Gobin de Graie if please your excellence,

Kin: Then Gobin for the seruice thou hast done,

We here inlarge and giue thee liberty,

And for recompenc beside this good,

Thou shalt receiue fīue hundred markes in golde,

I know nothow we should haue met our sonne,

Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter Artoyes.

Good newes my Lord the prince is hard at hand,

And with him comes Lord Awdley and the rest,

Whome since our landing we could neuer meet.

Enter Prince Edward, Lord Awdley and Souldiers.

K.E: Welcome faire Prince, how hast thou sped my sonne,

Since thy arriall on the coaste of Fraunce?

Pr.Ed: Successfullie I thanke the gracious heauens,

Some of their strongest Cities we haue wonne,

As Harlen, Lie, Crotag, and Caremigne,

And others wasted, leauing at our heeles,

A wide apparant feild and beaten path,

For solitarines to progresse in,

Yet those that would submit we kindly pardned;

For who in scorne refused our proffered peace,

Indurde the penaltie of sharpe reuenge.

Ki.Ed: Ah Fraunce, why shouldest thou be th's obstinate,

Agaynst the kind embracement of thy friends,

Edward the third.

How gently had we thought to touch thy brest,
And set our foot vpon thy tender mould,
But that in froward and disdainfull pride
Thou like a skittish and vntamed coult,
Dost start aside and strike vs with thy heeles,
But tel me Ned, in all thy warlike course,
Hast thou not scene the vsurping King of Fraunce.

Pri. Yes my good Lord, and not two owers ago,
With full a hundred thousand fighting men,
Vppon the one side with the riuers banke,
And on the other both his multitudes,
I feard he would haue cropt our smaller power,
But happily perceiuing your approch,
He hath with drawen himselfe to Cressley plaines,
Where as it seemeth by his good araie.

He meanes to byd vs battaile presently,

Kim.Ed: He shall be welcom e thats the thing we craue.

*Enter King Iohn, Dukes of Normandy and Lorraine, King of
Boheme, young Philip, and Souldiers.*

Iohn. Edward know that Iohn the true king of Fraunce,
Musing thou shouldst increach vppon his land,
And in thy tyranous proceeding slay,
His faithfull subiects, and subuert his Townes,
Spits in thy face, and in this manner folowing,
Obraids thee with thine arrogant intursion,
First I condemne thee for a fugitiue,
A theewish pyrate, and a needie mate,
One that hath either no abyding place,
Or else inhabiting some barraine soile,
Where neither hearb or frutfull graine is had,
Doeft altogether lue by pilfering,
Next, insomuch thou hast infringed thy faith,
Broke leage and solemnecouenant made with mee,
I hold thee for a false pernicious wretch,
And last of all, although I scorn to cope

The Raigne of King

With one such inferior to my selfe,
Yet in respect thy thirst is all for golde,
They labour rather to be feared then loued,
To satisfie thy lust in either parte
Heere am I come and with me haue I brought,
Exceding store of treasure, perle, and coyne,
Leaue therefore now to persecute the weake,
And armed entring conflict with the armed,
Let it be seene mongest other pettie thefis,
How thou canst win this pillage manfully.
K:Ed: If gall or wormwood haue a pleasant tast,
Then is thy sallutation hony sweete,
But as the one hath no such propertie,
So is the other most satiricall:
Yet wot how I regarde thy worthles tants,
If thou haue vttered them to soile my fame,
Or dyn the reputation of my birth,
Know that thy woluissh barking cannot hurt,
Ifslylie to insinuate with the worlde,
And with a strumpets artificiall line,
To painte thy vitious and deformed cause,
Bee well assured the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy fowle defects be seene,
But if thou didst it to prouoke me on,
As who should saie I were but timorous,
Or coldly negligent did need a spurre,
Bethinke thy selfe howe slacke I was at sea,
Now since my landing I haue wonn no townes,
Entered no further but vpon the coast,
And there haue euer since securelie slept,
But if I haue bin other wise imployd,
Imagin Valoys whether I intende
To kirmish, not for pillage but for the Crowne,
Which thou dost waite and that I vowe to haue,
Or one of vs shall fall in to this graue,

Pr Ed: Looke

Edward the third.

Pri Ed: Looke not for crosse iunctiues at our hands,
Or raying execrations of despight,
Let creeping serpents hide in hollow banckes,
Sting with their tongues; we haue remorseles swords,
And they shall pleade for vs and our affaires,
Yet thus much breestly by my fathers leaue,
As all the immodest poyson of thy throat,
Is scandalous and most notorious lyes,
And our pretended quarell is truly iust,
So end the battaile when we meet to daie,
May eyther of vs prosper and preuaile,
Or luckles curst, receue eternall shame.

Kin Ed: That needs no further question, and I knowe
His conscience witnesseth it is my right,
Therefore Valoys say, wilt thou yet resigne,
Before the sickles thrust into the Corne,
Or that inkindled fury, turne to flame:

Ioh: Edward I know what right thou hast in France,
And ere I basely will resigne my Crowne,
This Champion field shall be a poole of bloode,
And all our prospect as a slaughter house,

Pr Ed: I that approues thee tyrant what thou art,
No father, king, or shepheard of thy realme,
But one that teares her entrailes with thy handes,
And like a thirstie tyger suckst her bloud.

And: You peeres of France, why do you follow him,
That is so prodigall to spend your liues?

Ch: Whom should they follow, aged impotent,
But he that is their true borne soueraigne?

Kin: Obraidst thou him, because within his face,
Time hath ingraued deep characters of age:

Know that these graue schollers of experience,
Like stiffe growen oakes, will stand unmouable,
When whirle wind quickly turnes vp yonger trees.

Dar: Was euer anie of thy fathers houle king,
But thy selfe, before this present time,
Edwards great sinage by the mothers side,

The Raigne of King

Five hundred yeeres hath helde the scepter vp,
Iudge then conspiratours by this descent,
Which is the true borne soueraigne this or that.

Prs: Father range your battailes, prate no more,
These English fame would spend the time in words,
That night approching, they might escape vnfought.

K. Iok: Lords and my iouing Subiects knowes the time,
That your intended force must bide the touch,

Therefore my friends consider this in breefe,
He that you fight for is your naturall King,

He against whom you fight a forrener:

He that you fight for rules in clemencie,

And names you with a mild and gentle byt,

He against whom you fight if hee preuaile,

Will straight inthroned himselfe in tyrannie,

Make slaues of you, and with a heauie hand

Curtall and cumber your sweetest libertie,

Then to protect your Country and your King,

Let but the haughty Courrage of your hartes,

Answer the number of your able handes,

And we shall quicklie chase theis fugitiues,

For whats this Edward but a belly god,

A tender and lasciuious wantonnes,

That thother daie was almost dead for loue,

And what I praie you is his goodly gard,

Such as but scant them of their chines of beefe,

And take awaie their downie featherbedes,

And presently they are as resty stifte,

As were a many ouer ridden iades,

Then French men scorne that such should be your Lords

And rather bind ye them in captiue bands,

All Fra: Viue le Roy, God saue King Iohn of France.

Io: Now on this plaine of Cressie spred your selues,

And Edward when thou darest, begin the fight:

K. Ed: We presently wil meet thee Iohn of France,

And English Lordes let vs resolute the daie,

Either to cleere vs of that scandalous cryme,

Edward the third.

Or be intombd in our innocence,
And Ned, because this battell is the first,
That euer yet thou foughtest in pitched field,
As ancient custome is of Martialists,
To dub thee with the tipe of chivalrie,
In solemne manner wee will giue thee armes,
Come therefore Herald, orderly bring forth,
A strong attirement for the prince my sonne.
Enter foure Heraldes bringing in a coate armour, a helmet, a
lance, and a shield.

Kw: Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,
As with this armour I impall thy breast,
So be thy noble vnrelenting heart,
Wald in with flint of matchlesse fortitude,
That neuer base affections enter there,
Fight and be valiant, conquere where thou comst,
Now follow Lords, and do him honor to.

Dar: Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,
As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of this braine is sensst,
So may thy temples with Bellonas hand,
Be still adorn'd with lawrell victorie,
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst.

Aud: Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,
Receiue this lance into thy manly hand,
Vse it in fashion of a brasen pen,
To drawe forth bloudie stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honors booke,
Fight and be valiant, vanquish where thou comst.

Art: Edward Plantagenet prince of Wales,
Hold take this target, weare it on thy arme,
And may the view thereof like Perseus shield,
Astonish and transforme thy gazing foes
To senselesse images of meger death,
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou comst.

K: Now wants there nought but knighthood, which deferd

The Raigne of King

Wee leaue till thou hast won it in the feldes,
My gracious father and yee forward peeres,
This honor you haue done me animates,
And chears my greene yet scarce appearing strength,
With comfortable good perswaging signes,
No other wise then did ould Iacobes wordes,
When as he breathed his blessings on his sonnes,
These hallowed giftes of yours when I prophane,
Or vse them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherles and poore,
Or for the benefite of Englands peace,
Be numbe my ioynts, waxe feeble both mine armes,
Wither my hart that like a saples tree,
I may remayne the map of infamy.
K.Ed: Then this our steelde Battailles shall be rainged,
The leading of the voweard Ned is thynne,
To dignifie whose lustly spirit the more
We temper it with Audlys grauitie,
That courage and experience ioynd in one,
Your manage may be second vnto none,
For the mayne battells I will guide my selfe,
And Darby in the rereward march behind,
That orderly disposd and set in ray,
Let vs to horse and God graunt vs the day. *Exeunt:*

Alarm. Enter a many French men shying.

After them Prince Edward running.

Then enter King Iohn and Duke of Lorraine.

John. Oh Lorraine say, what meane our men to fly,

Our number is far greater then our foes,

Lor. The garrison of Genoaes my Lorde,

That cam from Paris weary with their march,

Grudging to be suddenly in ployd,

No sooner in the forefront tooke their place,

But straite retyring so dismaide the rest,

As likewise they betook themselves to flight

In which for hast to make a safe escape,

Edward the third.

More in the clustring throng are prest to death,
Then by the ennemie a thousand fold.

K. I. O haplesse fortune, let vs yet assay,
If we can counsell some of them to stay.

Enter King Edward and Audley.

K. E: Lord Audley, whiles our sonne is in the chase,
With draw our powers vnto this little hill,
And heere a season let vs breath our selues,

A. I will my Lord.

Exit, sound Retreat.

K. E. Iust dooming heauen, whose secret prouidence,
To our grosse iudgement is inscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giuen way vnto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at them selues.

Enter Artoys.

Rescue king Edward, rescue, for thy sonne,

K. Rescue Artoys, what is he prisoner?

Or by violence fell beside his horse.

A. Neither my Lord, but narrowly beset,
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As tis impossible that he should scape.

Except your highnes presently descend.

K. Tut let him fight, we gaue him armes to day,

And he is laboring for a knighthood man,

Enter Derby.

D. The Prince my Lord, the Prince, oh succour him,
Hees close incompast with a world of odds.

K. Then will he win a world of honour to,
If he by vallour can redeeme him thence,
If not, what remedy, we haue more sonnes,
Then one to comfort our declyning age.

Enter Audley.

A. Renowned Edward, giue me leaue I pray,
To lead my souldiers where I may releeue,
Your Graces sonne, in danger to be slayne,
The snares of French, like Emmets on a banke,

The Raigne of king

Muste about him whilst he Lion like,
Intangled in the net of their assaults,
Frantiquely wrends and byts the wouen toyle,
But all in vaine, he cannot free him selfe.
K:Ed: Audley content, I will not haue a man,
On paine of death sent forth to succour him:
This is the day, or daynd by destiny,
To season his courage with those greuous thoughtes,
That if he breaketh out, Nettors yeares on earth,
Will make him sauor still of this exloyt.
Dar: Ah but he shall not liue to see those dayes,
K: Why then his Ephetaph, is lasting prayse.
An: Yet good my Lord, is too much wilfulnes,
To let his blood be spilt that may be saude,
M: Exclayne no more, for none of you can tell,
Whether a borrowed aid will serue or no,
Perhapps he is already slayne or tane:
And dare a Falcon when shees in her flight,
And euer after sheele be huggard like:
Let Edward be deliuered by our hands,
And still in danger hele expect the like,
But if him selfe, him selfe redeeme from thence,
He wil haue vanquisht cheerefull death and feare,
And euer after dread their force no more,
Then if they were but babes or Captiue slaues,
And O cruell Father, farewell Edward then.
Da: Farewell sweete Prince, the hope of chiuahy,
Art: O would my life might ransom him from death.
K:Ed: But soft me thinkes I heare,
The dismall charge of Trumpets loud retreats:
All are not slayne I hope that went with him,
Some will returne with tidings good or bad.

*Enter Prince Edward in triumph, bearing in his hands his
shinured Launce, and the King of Boheme, borne before,
Wraps in the Coullours: They runne and embrace him.*

Edward the third.

And, O ioyfull sight, victorious Edward liues.

Der: Welcome braue Prince.

K: Welcome Plantagenet.

Pr: First hauing donne my duety as becomed

Lords I greet you all with hartly thanks,

And now behold after my winters toyle,

My paynefull voyage on the boystrous sea,

Of warres deuouring gulphes and steely rocks,

I bring my fraught vnto the wished port,

My Summers hope, my trauels sweet reward:

And heere with humble duety I present,

This sacrifice, this first fruit of my sword,

Cropt and cut downe euen at the gate of death:

The king of Boheme father whome I slue,

Whom you sayd, had intrencht me round about,

And laye as thicke vpon my battered crest,

As on an Anuell with their ponderous glaues,

Yet marble courage, still did vnderprop,

And when my weary armes with often blowes,

Like the continuall laboring Wood-mans Axe,

That is enioynd to fell a load of Oakes,

Began to faulter, straight I would recouer:

My gifts you gaue me, and my zealous vow,

And then new courage made me fresh againe,

That in despight I could my passage forth,

And put the multitude to speedy flight:

Lo this hath Edwards hand fild your request,

And done I hope the duety of a Knight

K: I well thou hast deserud a knight-hood Ned,

And therefore with thy sword, yet reaking warne,

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,

Arise Prince Edward, trusty knight at armes,

This day thou hast confounded me with ioy,

And proude thy selfe fit heire vnto a king:

Pr: Heere is a note my gracious Lord of those,

That in this conflict of our foes were slaine,

*kneels and
kisse his
fathers hand*

*his Sword
borne by a
Soldier.*

The Raigne of King

Eleuen Princes of esteeme, Foure score Barons,
A hundred and twenty knights, and thirty thousand
Common souldiers, and of our men a thousand.
Our God be praised, Now Iohn of Fraunce I hope,
Thou knowest King Edward for no wantonesse,
No loue sicke cockney, nor his souldiers iades,
But which way is the fearefull king escapt?

Pr: Towards Poyctiers noble father, and his sonnes,
King. Ned, thou and Audley shall pursue them still,
Myselfe and Derby will to Calice freight;
And there begyt that Hauen towne with seege:
Now lies it on an vpsnot, therefore strike,
And wistlie follow whiles the games on foote.
K. What Pictures this.

Pr: A Pellican my Lord,

Wounding her bolome with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones might be fed,
With drops of blood that issue from her hart,
The motto *Sic et vos*, and so should you,

Exeunt.

*Enter Lord Mountford with a Coronet in his hands, with him
the Earle of Salisbury.*

Mo: My Lord of Salisbury since by our aide,
Mine ennemie Sir Charles of Bloys is slaine,
And I againe am quietly posselt,
In Brittaines Duke dome, knowe that I resolute,
For this kind furtherance of your king and you,
To sweare allegiance to his maiesty:
In signe whereof receiue this Coronet,
Beare it vnto him, and with all mine othe,
Neuer to be but Edwards faithful friend.

Sa: I take it Mountfort, thus I hope ere long,
The whole Dominions of the Realme of Fraunce
Will be surrendred to his conquering hand:
Now if I knew but safely how to passe,
I would to Calice gladly meete his Grace,
Whether I am by letters certified,

Exit

Edward the third.

Yet he intends to haue his host remooude,
It shal be so, this pollicy will serue,
Ho whose within? bring Villiers to me.

Enter Villiers.

Villiers, thou knowest thou art my prisoner,
And that I might for ransome if I would,
Require of thee a hundred thousand Francks,
Or else retayne and keepe thee captiue still:
But so it is, that for a smaller charge,
Thou maist be quit and if thou wilt thy selfe,
And this it is, procure me but a passport,
Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I,
Without restraint may haue recourse to Callis,
Through all the Countries where he hath to doe,
Which thou maist easely obtayne I thinke,
By reason I haue often heard thee say,
He and thou were Students once together:
And then thou shalt be set at libertie,
How saiest thou, wilt thou vndertake to do it?
Vil. I will my Lord, but I must speake with him.
Sa. Why so thou shalt, take Horse and post from hence,
Onely before thou goest, sweare by thy faith,
That if thou canst not compasse my desire,
Thou wilt returne my prisoner backe againe,
And that shalbe sufficient warrant for mee.
Vil: To that condition I agree my Lord,
And will vnfaignedly performe the same.
Sa: Farewell Villiers,

Exit.

Thus once I meane to trie a French mans faith.

Exit.

Enter King Edward and Derby with Souldiers.

Kn: Since they refuse our profered league my Lord,
And will not ope their gates and let vs in,
We will intrench our selues on euery side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
May come to succour this accursed towne,
Famine shall combate where our swords are stoppt.

The Raigne of king

Enter sixe poore Frenchmen.

Der. The promised aid that made them stand aloofe,
Is now retirde and gone an other way:
It will repent them of their stubborne will,
But what are these poore ragged slauks my Lord?

K: Edw. Aske what they are, it seemes they come from
Callis,

Der. You wretched patterns of dispayre and woe,
What are you liuing men, er glyding ghosts,
Crept from your graues to walke vpon the earth,
Poore: No ghosts my Lord, but men that breathe a life,
Farre worse then is the quiet sleepe of death:
Wee are distressed poore inhabitants,
That long haue been diseased, sicke and lame;
And now because we are not fit to serue,
The Captayne of the towne hath thrust vs forth,
That so expence of victuals may be saued.

K: Ed. A charitable deed no doubt, and worthy praise:
But how do you imagine then to speed?
We are your enemies in such a case,
We can no lesse but put ye to the sword,
Since when we proffered truce, it was refused,
So: And if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,
As welcome death is vnto vs as life,

K: Poore silly men, much wrongd, and more distressed,
Go Derby go, and see they be relieud,
Command that victuals be appoynted them,
And giue to euery one fīue Crowies a peece:
The Lion scornes to touch the yeelding pray,
And Edwards sword must fresh it selfe in such,
As wilfull stubbornnes hath made peruerse,

Enter Lord Persie.

K: Lord Persie welcome: whats the newes in England:
Per: The Queene my Lord comes heere to your Grace,
And from hir highnesse, and the Lord vicegerent,

Edward the third.

I bring this happie tidings of successe,
David of Scotland lately vp in armes,
Thinking belike he soonest should preuaile,
Your highnes being absent from the Realme,
Is by the fruitfull seruice of your peeres,
And painefull trauell of the Queene her selfe:
That big with child was euery day in armes,
Vanquisht, subdude, and taken prisoner.
K: Thanks Persie for thy newes with all my hart,
What was he tooke him prisoner in the field.
Per: A Esquire my Lord, Iohn Copland is his name:
Who since intreated by her Maiestie,
Denies to make surrender of his prize,
To anie but vnto your grace alone:
Whereat the Queene is greuously displeasd.
K: Well then wele haue a Pursuaunt dispatch,
To summon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.
Per: The Queene my Lord her selfe by this at Sea,
And purposeth as soone as winde will serue,
To land at Callis, and to visit you,
K: She shall be welcome, and to wait her coming,
He pitch my tent neere to the sandy shore.

Enter a Captayne.

The Burgeesses of Callis mighty king,
Haue by a counsell willingly decreed,
To yeeld the towne and Castle to your hands,
Vpon condition it will please your grace,
To graunt them benefite of life and goods.
K. Ed. They wil so: Then belike they may command,
Dispose, elect, and gouerne as they list,
No farr, tell them since they did refuse,
Our princely clemencie at first proclaymed,
They shall not haue it now although they would,

The Kingdome of France

Will accept of nought but fire and sword,
 Except within these two daies sixe of them
 That are the welthiest marchants in the towne,
 Come naked all but for their linnen shirts,
 With each a halter hangd about his necke,
 And prostrate yeeld themselves vpon their knees,
 To be afflicted, hanged, or what I please,
 And so you may informe their masterhips. *Exeunt*
Cp. Why this it is to trust a broken staffe.
 Had we not been perswaded Iohn our King,
 Would with his armie haue releued the towne,
 We had not stood vpon defiance so:
 But now 'tis past that no man can recall,
 And better some do go to wrack then all. *Exit,*

Enter Charles of Normandy and Villiers

Ch: I wounder Villiers, thou shouldest importune me
 For one that is our deadly ennemie.
Vil: Not for his sake my gracious Lord so much,
 Am I become an earnest aduocate,
 As that thereby my ransom will be quir,
Ch: Thy ransom man: why needest thou talke of that?
 Art thou not free? and are not all occasions,
 That happen for aduantage of our foes,
 To be accepted of, and stood vpon?
Vil: No good my Lord except the same be iust,
 For profit must with honor be comixt,
 Or else our actions are but scandalous:
 But letting passe these intricate obiections,
 Wilt please your highnest o subscribe or not?
Ch: Villiers I will not, nor I cannot do it,
 Salisbury shall not haue his will so much,
 To clayme a pass ort how it pleaseth himselfe,
Vil: Why then I know the extremitie my Lord,
 I must returne to prison whence I came,
Ch: Returne, I hope thou wilt not,
 What bird that hath escapt the fowlers gin,

Edward the third.

Will not beware how shees inſnard againe:

Or what is he ſo ſenceles and ſecure,

That hauing hardely paſt a dangerous gulfe,

Will put him ſelfe in perill there againe.

Vil: Ah but it is mine othe my gracious Lord,

Which I in conſcience may not violate,

Or elſe a kingdome ſhould not draw me hence.

Ch: Thine othe, why that doth bind thee to abide:

Haſt thou not ſworne obedience to thy Prince?

Vil: In all things that vprightly he commands:

But either to perſwade or threaten me,

Not to performe the couenant of my word,

Is lawleſſe, and I need not to obey.

Ch: Why is it lawfull for a man to kill,

And not to breake a promiſe with his foe?

Vil: To kill my Lord when warre is once proclaymd,

So that our quarrel be for wrongs receaude,

No doubt is lawfully permitted vs:

But in an othe we muſt be well aduiſd,

How we do ſweare, and when we once haue ſworne,

Not to inſringe it though we die therefore :

Therefore my Lord, as willing I returne,

As if I were to flie to paradise.

Ch: Stay my Villeins, thine honorable minde,

Deſerues to be eternally admird,

Thy ſute ſhalbe no longer thus deſerd:

Giue me the paper, Ile ſubſcribe to it,

And wheretofore I loued thee as a Villeins,

Heereafter Ile embrace thee as my ſelfe,

Stay and be ſtill in fauour with thy Lord.

Vil: I humbly thanke your grace, I muſt diſpatch,

And ſend this paſſport firſt vnto the Earle,

And then I will attend your highnes pleaſure.

Ch: Do ſo Villeins, and Charles when he hath neede,

Be ſuch h is ſouldiers, how ſoeuer he ſpeede. *Exit Villeins.*

Enter King Iohn.

K. I. Come Charles and arme thee, Edward is intrapt,

The Prince of Wales is falne into our hands, H.

The Raigne of King

And we haue compast him he cannot scape.

Ch: But will your highnes fight to day. *(strong*

I: What else my son, hees scarce eight thousand
and we are threescore thousand at the least,

Ch: I haue a prophecy my gracious Lord,

Wherein is written what successe is like

To happen vs in this outrageous warre,

It was deliuered me at Cresses field,

By one that is an aged Hermyt there,

when fethered soul shal make thine army tremble,

and flint stones rise and breake the battell ray:

Then thinke on him that doth not now dissemble

For that shalbe the haples dreadfull day,

Yet in the end thy foot thou shalt aduance,

as farre in England, as thy foe in Fraunce,

I: By this it seemes we shalbe fortunate:

For as it is impossible that stones

Should euer rise and breake the battaile ray,

Or airie foule make men in armes to quake,

So is it like we shall not be subdude:

Or say this might be true, yet in the end,

Since he doth promise we shall driue him hence,

And forrage their Countrie as they haue don ours

By this reuenge, that losse will seeme the lesse,

But all are fryuolous, fancies, toyes and dreames,

Once we are sure we haue insnared the sonne,

Catch we the father after how we can. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Edward, Audley and others.

Pr: Audley the armes of death embrace vs round,

And comfort haue we none saue that to die,

We pay sower earnest for a sweeter life,

At Cressy field our Clouds of Warlike smoke,

chokt vp those French mouths, & disseuered them

But now their multitudes of millions hide

Masking as twere the beautilous burning Sunne,

Leauing no hope to vs but sullen darke,

Edward the third.

And eie lesse terror of all ending night,
An. This suddaine, mightie, and expedient head,
That they haue made, faire Prince is wonderfull.
Before vs in the vallis lies the king,
Vantagd with all that heauen and earth can yeeld,
His partie stronger battaild then our whole:
His sonne the brauing Duke of Normandie,
Hath trimd the Mountaine on our right hand vp,
In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill,
Shewes like a siluer quarrie, or an orbe
Aloft the which the Banners bannarets,
And new replenisht pendants cuff the aire,
And beat the windes, that for their gaudinesse,
Struggles to kisse them on our left handlies,
Phillip the younger issue of the king,
Coting the other hill in such arraie,
That all his guilded vpriight pikes do seeme,
Streight trees of gold, the pendant leaues,
And their deuice of *Antique* heraldry,
Quartred in collours seeming sundy fruits,
Makes it the Orchard of the Hesperides,
Behinde vs two the hill doth beare his height,
For like a halfe Moone opening but one way,
It rounds vs in, there at our backs are lodged,
The fatall Crosbowes, and the battaile there,
Is governd by the rough Chattillion,
Then thus it stands, the valleie for our flight,
The king binds in, the hills on either hand,
Are proudly royalized by his tonnes,
And on the Hill behind stands certaine death,
In pay and seruice with Chattillion.
Pr: Deathes name is much more mightie then his deeds,
Thy parcelling this power hath made it more,
As many sands as these my hands can hold,
are but n. y handful of so many sands,
Then all the world, and call it but a power:
Eatelytane vp and quickly throwne away,
But if I stand to count them sand by sand,

The Raigne of King

The number would confound my memorie,
And make a thousand millions of a taske,
Which briefelic is no more indeed then one,
These quarters, squadron, and these regements,
Before, behinde vs, and on either hand,
Are but a power, when we name a man,
His hand, his foote, his head hath seuerall strengthes,
And being al but one selfe instant strength,
Why all this many, Audely is but one,
And we can call it all but one mans strength:
He that hath farre to goe, tels it by miles,
If he should tell the steps, it kills his hart :
The drops are infinite that make a floud,
And yet thou knowest we call it but a Raine:
There is but one Fraunce, one king of Fraunce,
That Fraunce hath no more kings, and that same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king?
And we haue one, then apprehend no ods,
For one to one, is faire equalitie.

Enter an Herald from king Iohn.

Pr: What tidings messenger, be playne and briefe.

He: The king of Fraunce my soueraigne Lord and master,
Greetes by me his so, the Prince of Wals,
If thou call forth a hundred men of name
Of Lords, Knights, Esquires and English gentlemen,
And with thy selfe and those kneele at his sette,
He straight will fold his bloody collours vp,
And ransome shall redeeme liues forfeited:
If not, this day shall drinke more English blood,
Then ere was buried in our Bryttish earth,
What is the answer to his profered mercy?

Pr: This heauen that couers Fraunce contains the mercy
That drawes from me submissiue orizons,
That such base breath should vanish from my lips
To vrge the plea of mercie to a man,
The Lord forbid, returne and tell the king,

Edward the Duke of Normandie
My tongue is made of Steele, and it shall beg
My mercie on his coward burgonet.
Tell him my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English armes as strong,
returne him my defiance in his face.
He. I go.

Enter another.

Pr. What newes with thee?

He. The Duke of Normandie my Lord & master
Pittying thy youth is so ingirt with perill,
By me hath sent a nimble ioynted ienner,
As swift as euer yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithall he counsels thee to flie,
Els death himself hath sworne that thou shalt die.

P. Back with the beast vnto the beast that sent him
Tell him I cannot sit a cowards horse,
Bid him to daie bestride the iade himselfe,
For I will staine my horse quite ore with blood,
And double gulf my spurs, but I will catch him,
So tell the capring boy, and get thee gone,

Enter another.

He. Edward of Wales, Phillip the second sonne
To the most mightie christian king of France,
Seeing thy bodies liuing date expird,
All full of charitie and christian loue,
Commends this booke full fraught with prayers,
To thy faire hand, and for thy houre of lyfe,
Intreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arme thy soule for hir long iourney towards,
Thus haue I done his bidding, and returne.

Pr. Herald of Phillip greet thy Lord from me,
All good that he can send I can receiue,
But thinkst thou not the vnaduised boy,
Hath wrongd himselfe in this far tendering me,
Happily he cannot praie without the booke,
I thinke him no diuine extemporall,
Then render backe this common place of prayer,

*To do himselfe good in aduersitie,
Besides, he knows not my sinnes qualitie,
and therefore knowes no praiers for my auaille,
Ere night his praier may be to praie to God,
To put it in my heart to heare his praier,
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.*

He. I go,

*Pr. How confident their strength and number makes them,
Now Audley found those siluer wings of thine,
And let those milke white messengers of time,
Shew thy times learning in this dangerous time,
Thy selfe art butie, and but with many broiles,
And stratagemis forepast with yron pens,
Are texted in thine honorable face,
Thou art a married man in this distresse,
But danger wooes me as a blushing maide,
Teach me an answer to this perillous time.*

*And. To die is all as common as to liue,
The one in choice the other holds in chafe,
For from the instant we begin to liue,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die,
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed,
Then presently we fall, and as a shade
Followes the bodie, so we follow death,
If then we hunt for death, why do we feare it?
If we feare it, why do we follow it?
If we do teare, how can we shun it?*

*If we do feare, with feare we do but aide
The thing we feare, to seize on vs the sooner,
If wee feare not, then no resolute proffer,
Can ouerthrow the limit of our fate,
For whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall,
as we do drawe the lotterie of our doome.*

*Pri. Ah good olde man, a thousand thousand armors,
These wordes of thine haue buckled on my backe,
Ah what an idiot hast thou made of lyfe,
To seeke the thing it feares, and how disgrast,
The imperiall victorie of murthering death,*

Edward the third.

Since all the liues his conquering arrowes strike,
Seeke him, and he not them, to ihamme his glorie,
I will not giue a pennie for a lyfe,
Nor halfe a halfepennie to shun grim death,
Since for to liue is but to seeke to die,
And dying but beginning of new lyfe,
Let come the houre when he that rules it will,
To liue or die I hold indifferent. *Exeunt.*

Enter king John and Charles.

Ioh: A sodaine darknes hath defast the skie,
The windes are crept into their caues for feare,
the leaues moue not, the world is hushd and still,
the birdes cease singing, and the wandring brookes,
Murmure no wonted greeting to their shores,
Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth
That heauen should pronounce some prophesie,
Where or from whome proceeds this silence Charles?

Ch: Our men with open mouthes and staring eyes,
Looke on each other, as they did attend
Each others wordes, and yet no creature speakes,
A tongue-tied feare hath made a midnight houre,
and speeches sleepe through all the waking regions.

Ioh: But now the pompeous Sunne in all his pride,
Lookt through his golden coach vpon the worlde,
and on a sodaine hath he hid himselfe,
that now the vnder earth is as a graue,
Darke, deadly, silent, and vncomfortable. *A clamor of frauens*
Harke, what a deadly outcrie do I heare?

Ch: Here comes my brother Phillip.

Ioh: All dismaid, What fearefull words are those thy lookes
presage?

Pr: A flight, a flight.

Ioh: Coward what flight? thou liest there needs no flight,

Pr: A flight.

Kn: Awake thy crauen powers, and tell on
the substance of that verie feare in deed,

Which is so gassly printed in thy face,

What is the matter?

The Raigne of King

Pr. A flight of vgly rauens

Do croke and houer ore our souldiers head s,
And keepe in triangles and cornerd squares,
Right as our forces are imbattered,
With their approach there came this sodain fog,
Which now hath hid the airie flower of heauen,
And made at noone a night vnnaturall,
Vpon the quaking and dismaied world;
In brieft, our souldiers haue let fall their armes,
and stand like metamorphosd images,
Bloudlesse and pale, one gazing on another.
I. Now I call to mind the prophesie,
But I must giue no entrance to a feare,
Returne and harten vpon the yeelding soules,
Tell them the rauens seeing them in armes,
So many faire against a famillie few,
Come but to dine vpon their handie worke,
and praie vpon the carrion that they kill,
For when we see a horse laid downe to die,
although not dead, the rauinous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life,
Euen so these rauens for the carcases,
Of those poore English that are markt to die,
Houer about, and if they crie to vs,
Tis but for meate that we must kill for them,
Awaie and comfort vp my souldiers,
and sound the trunipets, and at once dispatch
This lile busines of a silly fraude. *Exit Pr.*

Another noife, Salisbury brought in by a
French Captaine.

Cap. Behold my Lege, this knight and forie mo,
Of whom the better part are slaine and fied,
With all indeuor sought to breake our ranks,
And make their waie to the incompass prince,
Dispose of him as please your maieltie.

I. Go, & the next bough, souldier, that thou seest,
Disgrace it with his bodie presently,
For I doo hold a tree in France too good,

Edward the third,

To be the gallowses of an English theefe.

Sa: My Lord of Normandie, I haue your passe,
And warrant for my safetie through this land.

Ch: Villiers procurd it for thee, did he not?

Sa: He did.

Ch: And it is currant, thou shalt freely passe.

En: Lo: I freely to the gallows to be hangd,
Without deniall or impediment.

Awaie with him.

Ed: I hope your highnes will not so disgrace me,
and dash the vertue of my scale at armes,

He hath my neuer broken name to shew,
Carectred with this princely hande of mine,
and rather let me leaue to be a prince,

Than break the stable verdict of a prince,

I doo beseech you let him passe in quiet,

Kr: Thou and thy word lie both in my command,

What canst thou promise that I cannot breake?

Which of these twaine is greater infamie,

To disobey thy father or thy selfe?

Thy word nor no mans may exceed his power,

Nor that same man doth neuer breake his worde,

That keepes it to the vtmost of his power.

The breach of faith dwels in the soules consent,

Which if thy selfe without consent doo breake,

Thou art not charged with the breach of faith,

Go hang him, for thy lifence lies in mee,

and my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

Ch: VVhat am I not a soldier in my word?

Then armes adieu, and let them fight that list,

Shall I not giue my girdle from my wast,

But with a gardion I shall be controld,

To saie I may not giue my things awaie,

Vpon my soule, had Edward prince of VVales

Ingagde his word, writ downe his noble hand,

For all your knights to passe his fathers land,

The roiall king to grace his warlike sonne,

VVould not alone safe conduct giue to them

The Raigne of king

But with all bountie feasted them and theirs.

Kim: Dwelst thou on presidents, then be it so,
Say Englishman of what degree thou art.

Sa: An Earle in England, though a prisoner here,
And those that knowe me call me Salisburie.

Kim: Then Salisburie, say whether thou art bound.

Sa: To Callice where my liege king Edward is.

Kim: To Callice Salisburie, then to Callice packe,
and bid the king prepare a noble graue,

To put his princely sonne blacke Edward in,
and as thou trauellst westward from this place,
Some two leagues hence there is a loftie hill,
Whose top seemes toplesse, for the imbracing skie,
Doth hide his high head in her azure bosome,

Vpon whose tall top when thy foot attaines,
Looke backe vpon the humble vale beneath,
Humble of late, but now made proud with armes,
and thence behold the wretched prince of Wales,
Hoopt with a bond of yron round about,
After which sight to Callice spurre amaine,
and saie the prince was smoothe:ed, and not slaine,
and tell the king this is not all his ill,

For I will greet him ere he thinkes I will,
Awaie be gone, the smoake but of our shot,
Will choake our foes, though bullets hit them not. *Exit.*

Allarum. Enter prince Edward and *Artoys.*

Art: How fares your grace, are you not shot my Lord?

Pri: No deare *Artoys*, but choakt with dust and smoake,
And stept aside for breath and fresher aire.

Art. Breath then, and too it againe, the amazed French
are quite distract with gazing on the crows,
and were our quiuers full of shafts againe,
Your grace should see a glorious day of this,
O for more arrowes Lord, thats our want.

Pri. Courage *Artoys*, a fig for feathered shafts,
When feathered foules doo bandie on our side,
What need we fight, and sweate, and keepe a coile,

Edward the third.

When railing crowes outcride our aduersaries

Vp, vp Artoys, the ground it selfe is armd,
Fire containing flint, command our bowes
To hurle awaie their pretie colored Ew,
and to it with stones, awaie Artoys, awaie,
My soule doth prophesie we win the daie,
Allarum.

Enter king Iohn.

Exeunt.

Our multitudes are in themselves confounded,
Dismayed, and distraught, swift starting feare
Hath buzd a cold dismaie through all our armie,
and euerie pettie disadvantage promptes
The feare possessed abiekt soule to flie,
My selfe whose spirit is Steele to their dull lead,
What with recalling of the prophesie,
and that our native stones from English armes
Rebell against vs, finde my selfe attainted
With strong surprise of weake and yeelding feare.

Enter Charles.

Fly father flie, the French do kill the French,
Some that would stand, let driue at some that flie,
Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,
Our trumpets sound dishonor, and retire,
The spirit of feare that feareth nought but death,
Cowardly workes confusion on it selfe.

Enter Phillip.

Plucke out your eies, and see not this daies shame,
An arme hath beate an armie, one poore Dauid
Hath with a stone soild twentie stout Goliaths,
Some twentie naked staruelings with small flints,
Hath driuen backe a puissant host of men,
Araid and sent in all accomplements,
Ioh: Mordiu they quait at vs, and kill vs vp,
No lesse than fortie thousand wicked elders,
Haue fortie leane slaues this daie stoned to death.

Ch: O that I were some other countryman,
This daie hath set derision on the French,
and all the world wilt blurt and scorne at vs.

Kn: What is there no hope left?

Pr: No hope but death to burye our shame.

The Raigne of king

Ki. Make vp once more with me the twentieth part
Of those that liue, are men inow to quail,
The feeble handiull on the aduerse part.

Ch. Then charge againe, if heauen be not opposd
VVe cannot loose the daie.

Ki. On awaie. *Exeunt*

Enter Audley wounded, & rescued by two squirs.

Esq. How fares my Lord;

Aud. Euen as a man may do
That dines at such a bloudie feast as this.

Esq. I hope my Lord that is no mortall scarre,

Aud. No matter if it be, the count is cast,
and in the worst ends but a mortall man,
Good friends conuey me to the princely Edward
That in the crimson brauerie of my blood,
I may become him with saluting him,
He smile and tell him that this open scarre,
Doth end the haruest of his Audleys warre. *Ex.*

Enter prince Edward, king Iohn, Charles, and all
with Ensignes spred.
Retreat sounded.

Pri. Now Iohn in France, & lately Iohn of France,
Thy bloudie Ensignes are my captiue colours,
and you high vantage Charles of Normandie,
That once to daie sent me a horse to flie,
are now the subiects of my clemencie.

Fie Lords, is it not a shame that English boies,
VVhose early daies are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosome of your kingdome thus,
One against twentie beate you vp together.

Ki. Thy fortune, not thy force hath conquerd vs.

Pri. an argument that heauen aides the right,
See, see, Artoys doth bring with him along,
the late good counsell giuer to my soule,
VVelcome Artoys, and welcome Phillip to,
VVho now of you or I haue need to praie,
Now is the prouerbe veresied in you,

Edward the third.

Sound Trumpets, enter Audley.

But say, what grim discouragement comes heere,
Alas what thousand armed men of Fraunce,
Haue writ that note of death in Audleys face:
Speake thou that wocest death with thy careles
and lookit so merrily vpon thy graue, (sinile
As if thou wert enamored on thyne end,
What hungry sword hath so bereaud thy face,
And lopt a true friend from my louing soule:
Au. O Prince thy sweet bemoaning speech to me,
Is as a morneful knell to one dead licke.

Pr: Deare Audley if my tongue ring out thy end:
My armes shal be the graue, what may I do,
To win thy life, or to reuenge thy death,
If thou wilt drinke the blood of captyue kings,
Or that it were restoritiue, command
A Heath of kings blood, and Ile drinke to thee,
If honor may dispence for thee with death;
The neuer dying honor of this daie,
Share wholie Audley to thy selfe and liue.

And: Victorious Prince, that thou art so, behold
A Casars fame in kings captiuitie;
If I could hold dym death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege thy loyall father,
My soule should yeeld this Castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute with all willingnes;
To darkenes consummation, dust and Wormes.

Pr: Cheerely bold man, thy soule is all to proud,
To yeeld her Citie for one little breach,
Should be diuorced from her earthly spouse,
By the soft temper of a French mans sword:
Lo, to repaire thy life, I giue to thee,
Threethousand Marks a yeere in English land.

Au: I take thy gift to pay the debts I owe:
These two poore Esquires redeemd me from the
With lusty & dear hazzard of their liues; (French
What thou hast giuen me I giue to them,
And as thou lovest me Prince, let thy consent

The Raigne of King

To this bequeath in my last testament,

Pr: Renowned Audley, liue and haue from mee,
This gift twise doubled to these Esquires and thee
But liue or die, what thou hast giuen away,
To these and theirs shall lasting freedome stay,
Come gentlemen, I will see my friend bestowed,
With in an easie Litter, then wele march,
Proudly toward Callis with tryumphant pace,
Vnto my royall father, and there bring,
The tribut of my wars, faire Fraunce lus king. *Ex.*

*Enter six Citizens in their Shirts, bare foose, with
balcers about their necks.*

Enter King Edward, Queen Phillip, Derby, soldiers.

Ed. No more Queene Phillip, pacifie your selfe,
Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall finde displeasure written in our lookes,
And now vnto this proud resisting towne,
Souldiers assault, I will no longer stay,
To be deluded by their false delaies,
Put all to sword, and make the spoyle your owne.

All: Mercy king Edward, mercie gracious Lord.

K: Contemptuous villaines, call ye now for truce?
Mine eares are stopt against your bootelesse cries,
Sound drums aliarum, draw threatning swords?

All: Ah noble Prince, take pittie on this towne,
And heare vs mightie king:

We claime the promise that your highnes made,
The two daies respit is not yet expirde,
And we are come with willingnes to beare,
What tortering death or punishment you please,
So that the trembling multitude be saued,

K: My promise, wel I do confesse as much;
But I require the cheefest Citizens,
And men of most account that should submit,
You peraduenture are but seruile groomes,
Or some fellonious robbers on the Sea,
Whome apprehended law would execute,
Albeit seuentie lay dead in vs,

Edward the third.

Nonoye cannot ouerreach vs thus,

Two: The Sun dread Lord that in the western fall,

Beholds vs now low brought through miserie,

~~Did in the~~ Orient purple of the morne,

Salute our comming forth when we were knowne

Or may our portion be with damned fiends,

K: If it be so, then let our couenant stand,

We take possession of the towne in peace,

But for your selues looke you for no remorse,

But as imperiall iustice hath decreed,

Your bodies shalbe dragd about these wals,

And after feele the stroake of quartering Steele,

This is your dome, go souldiets see it done.

Q: Ah be more milde vnto these yeelding men,

It is a glorious thing to stablish peace,

And kings approch the nearest vnto God,

By giuing life and safety vnto men,

As thou intendest to be king of Fraunce,

So let her people liue to call thee king,

For what the sword cuts down or fire hath spoyld

Is held in reputation none of ours.

K: Although experience teach vs, this is true,

That peacefull quiernes brings most delight,

When most of all abuses are controlld,

Yet insomuch, it shalbe knowne that we,

Aswell can master our affections,

As conquer other by the dynt of sword,

Phillip preuaile, we yeeld to thy request,

These men shall liue to boast of clemencie,

And tyrannie strike terror to thy selfe.

Two: long liue your highnes, happy be your reigne

K: Go get you hence, returne vnto the towne,

And if this kindnes hath deserud your loue,

Learneth then to reuerence Edw. as your king. **Ex.**

Now might we heare of our affaires abroad,

We would till glomy Winter were ore spent,

Dispose our men in garrison a while,

But who comes heere?

The Raigne of king.

Enter Copland and King David.

De, Copland my Lord, and Dauid King of Scots;
Kneels this the proud presumptuous Esquire of the
North,

That would not yeeld his prisoner to my Queen,

Cop: I am my liege a Northern Esquire indeed,

But neither proud nor insolent I trust.

Ke: What moude thee then to be so obstinate,

To contradict our royall Queenes desire?

Co: No wilfull disobedience mightie Lord,

But my desert and publike law at armes.

I tooke the king my selfe in single fight,

and like a souldier would be loath to looſe

The least preheminance that I had won.

And Copland straight vpon your highnes charges,

Is come to Fraunce, and with a lowly minde,

Doth vale the bonnet of his victory:

Receiue dead Lorde the custome of my freight,

The wealthie tribute of my laboring hands,

Which should long since haue been surrendred vpon

Had but your gracious selfe bin there in place,

Q: But Copland thou didst scorne the kings com-

Neglecting our commission in his name. (*mand*

Co: His name I reuerence, but his person more,

His name shall keepe me in allea gaunce still,

But to his person I will bend my knee.

King. I praie thee Phillip let displeasure passe:

This man doth please mee, and I like his words,

For what is he that will attempt great deeds,

and looſe the glory that ensues the same,

all riuers haue recourse vnto the Sea,

and Coplands faith relation to his king, (*knight,*

Kneele therefore downe, now rise king Edwards

and to maintayne thy state I freely giue,

Five hundred marks a yeere to thee and thine.

welcom lord Salisbury, what news from Brittain

Enter Salisbury.

Sa: This mightie king, the Countrey we haue won

Edward the third.

And Charles de Mountford regent of that place,
Presents your highnes with this Coronet,
Protesting true alleageaunce to your Grace.

K: We thanke thee for thy seruice valient Earle
Challenge our fauour for we owe it thee:

Sa: But now my Lord, as this is ioyful newes,
So must my voice be tragicall againe,
And I must sing of dolefull accidents,

K: What haue our men the ouerthrow at Poidiers,
Or is our sonne beset with too much odds?

Sa: He was my Lord, and as my worthlesse selfe,
With fortie other seruiceable knights,
Vnder safe conduct of the Dolphins scale,
Did trauaile that way, finding him distrest,
A troupe of Launces met vs on the way,
Surprisd and brought vs prisoners to the king,
Who proud of this, and eager of reuenge,
Commanded straight to cut of all our heads,
And surely we had died but that the Duke,
More full of honor then his angry syre,
Procured our quicke deliuerance from thence,
But ere we went, salute your king, quoth hee,
Bid him prouide a funerall for his sonne,
To day our sword shall cut his thred of life,
And sooner then he thinks wele be with him:
To quittance those displeasures he hath done,
This said, we past, not daring to reply,
Our harts were dead, our lookes diffusd and wan,
Wandring at last we clymd vnto a hill,
From whence although our grieve were much be-
Yet now to see the occasion with our eies, (fore
Did thrice so much increase our heauines,
For there my Lord, oh there we did descry
Downe in a vallie how both armies laie:
The French had cast their trenches like a ring,
And euery Barricados open front,
Was thicke imboist with brasen ordynauce.

The Raigne of King

Heere stood a battaile of ten thousand horse,
There twise as many pikes in quadrant wise,
Here Crosbowes and deadly wounding darts,
And in the midst like to a slender poynt,
Within the compasse of the horizon,
as twere a rising bubble in the sea.

A Hasle wand a midst a wood of Pynes,
Or as a beare fast chaine vnto a stake,
Stood famous Edward still expecting when
Those doggs of Fraunce would fasten on his flesh
Anon the death procuring knell begins,
Off goe the Cannons that with trembling noyse,
Did shake the very Mountayne where they stood,
Then sound the Trumpets clangor in the aire,
The battailes ioyne, and when we could no more,
Discerne the difference twixt the friend and fo,
So intricate the darke confusion was,
Away we turnd our watric eies with sighs,
as blacke as powder fuming into smoke,
And thus I feare, vnhappy haue I told,
The most vntimely tale of Edwards fall.

Q^{ueene}: Ah me, is this my welcome into Fraunce:

Is this the comfort that I lookt to haue,
When I should meete with my beloued sonne:

Sweete Ned, I would thy mother in the sea
Had been preuented of this mortall grieve.

K^{ing}: Content thee Phillip, tis not teares will serue,
To call him backe, if he be taken hence,

Comfort thy selfe as I do gentle Queene,
With hope of sharpe vnheard of dyre reuenge,
He bids me to provide his funerall.

And so I will, but all the Peeres in Fraunce,
Shall mourners be, and weepe out bloody teares,
Vntill their emptie vaines be drie and scere
The pillars of his hearse shall be his bones,
The mould that couers him, their Citie ashes,
His knell the groning cryes of dying men,

Edward the third.

And in thestead of tapers on his tombe,
an hundred fiftie towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewaile our valiant sonnes decease.
After a flourish sounded within, enter an herald.

He. Reioyce my Lord, ascend the imperial throne
The mightie and redoubted prince of Wales,
Great seruitor to bloudie Mars in armes,
The French mans terror and his countries fame,
Triumphant riderh like a Romane peere,
and lowly at his stirop comes a foot

King Iohn of France, together with his sonne,
In captiue bonds, whose diadem he brings
To crowne thee with, and to proclaime thee king.
Ki. Away with mourning Phillip, wipe thine eies
Sound Trumpets, welcome in Plantaginet,

*Enter Prince Edward, king Iohn, Phillip, Aud-
ley, Artoys.*

Ki: As things long lost when they are found again,
So doth my sonne reioyce his fathers heart,
For whom euen now my soule was much perplex
Q. Be this a token to expresse my ioy, *kisse him.*
For inward passions will not let me speake.

Pr. My gracious father, here receiue the gift,
This wreath of conquest, and reward of warre,
Got with as mickle perill of our liues,
as ere was thing of price before this daie,
Install your highnes in your proper right,
and heerewithall I render to your hands
These prisoners, chiefe occasion of our strife.

Ki: So Iohn of France, I see you keepe your word
You promist to be sooner with our selfe
Then we did thinke for, and tis so in deed,
But had you done at first as now you do,
How many ciuill townes had stooode vntoucht,
That now are turnd to ragged heaps of stones?
How many peoples liues mightst thou haue saud,
that are vntimely funke into their graues.

Lo: Edward, recount not things irreuocable,

The Raigne of King

Tell me what ranfome thou requireft to haue?

King: Thy ranfome Iohn, hereafter fhall be known

But firft to Eng^land thou muft crosse the feas,

To fee what intertainment it affords,

How ere it fals, it cannot be fo bad,

as ours hath bin fince we ariude in France.

Iob: Accursed man, of this I was fortolde,

But did misconfter what the prophet told.

Pri: Now father this petition Edward makes,

To thee whose grace hath bin his strongest shield

That as thy pleasure chose me for the man,

To be the instrument to shew thy power,

So thou wilt grant that many princes more,

Bred and brought vp within that little Isle,

May still be famous for lyke victories:

and for my part, the bloudie scars I beare,

The wearie nights that I haue watcht in field,

The dangerous conflicts I haue often had,

The fearefull menaces were proffered me,

The heate and cold, and what else might displeafe

I wish were now redoubled twentie fold,

So that hereafter ages when they reade

The painfull traffike of my tender youth

Might thereby be inflamd with such resolute,

as not the territories of France alone,

But likewise Spain, Turkie, and what countries els

That iustly would prouoke faire Englands ire,

Might at their presence tremble and retire.

King: Here English Lordes we do proclaime a rest

an intercession of our painfull armes,

Sheath vp your swords, refresh your weary lims,

Peruse your spoiles, and after we haue breathd.

a daie or two within this hauen towne,

God willing then for England welc be shipt,

VVhere in a happie houre I trust we shall

Ariue three kings, two princes, and a queene.

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